

NO.
30

NOV.

10¢

TOP-NOTCH Laugh comics



HURRAY FOR
POKEY,
SUZIE AND
SNOOP,

AND SO DO
WE THE THREE
MONKEY TEERS

THEY MAKE YOU
LAUGH UNTIL YOU
DROOP, SENOR
SIESTA RATES
YOUR CHEERS,

MONTANA

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

CONTENTS PAGE



POKEY OAKEY... Memo to retired gangsters, footpads, bootleggers, etc.: Why not live a life of ease and comfort? Come to Catfish Creek where you can relax and take things easy without any worries — as long as Pokey Oakey is the sheriff. **PAGE 3**

EDITOR'S PAGE... Your name and picture may be on this page. Turn to it and see **PAGE 12**

BLACK HOOD... The Son of the Skull! The Dude! The Bruiser! Each formidable enough to strike terror in the staunchest heart. All swearing bloody revenge on their mortal enemy — The Black Hood! And all combine to form a fearsome trio, an unholy trio, in their "Quest for Revenge" **PAGE 13**

THE MURDEROUS VAMPIRE... A Black Hood story. **PAGE 23**

SEÑOR SIESTA... We take it back. Señor Siesta isn't the screwiest guy in South America. He's the screwiest guy on this entire planet **PAGE 24**

SNOOP McGOOK... Ever try whistling your way past a graveyard? Well, Snoop McGook, the screwy sleuth, practically whistles his way into one, as *The Whistlers* measure him up for a coffin **PAGE 30**

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL... A Snoop McGook story. **PAGE 35**

GLOOMY GUS — THE HOMELESS GHOST... If you notice any loose bodies lying around, you might tell Gus about it. He needs one, but definitely! **PAGE 36**

SUZIE... Scientists insist that every human being has at least *some* intelligence. These scientists haven't met Suzie. Laugh with your favorite dumb damsel as she almost prevents herself from becoming quite a stupendous success **PAGE 42**

TOP NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME... Meet the first boy hero of World War II — Frank Simons, gallant fifteen-year-old Britisher whose bravery in the face of death reflects the fighting courage of his countrymen **PAGE 49**

3 MONKEYTEERS... What? You feel sorry for Yehudi, Small fry, and Sassafras, being led by gangsters into a career of crime? Read the story, and you'll feel sorry for the gangsters **PAGE 55**

PERCY... Breathes there a reader with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "This guy Percy gets in *more* trouble..." **PAGE 61**



AS HE IS ABOUT TO PLACE A TRAFFIC VIOLATION TICKET UPON A STRANGE CAR OF EXPENSIVE MAKE, POKEY OAKY, THE YOUNG SHERIFF OF CATFISH CREEK, IS SNAPPED OUT OF HIS NORMAL SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS!

by Don Dean



CUSS ME EFFIN' THET HAIN'T MORE **BLOOD** THEN AH EVEN SEED AT HOG STICKIN' TIME!!

PARDON, YOUNG MAN, BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE CRAWLING ON YOUR KNEES TO SAVE YOUR RUBBER HEELS?



HUSH YORE CLAP TRAP, MA'AM! DOES YEW BELONG TO THIS HYAR VEE-HICKLE?

I'M AFRAID SO--- DREADFULLY OUT-MODED, ISN'T IT? BUT WITH PRIORITIES WHAT THEY ARE--

INSIDE THE CAR--

WHO'S DA YOKEL DAT QUEENIE IS JAWIN' WIT, WINGY?

SOME SCREWY FLY COP. **GET FIXED!** I DON'T THINK SHE CAN TALK US OUTA DIS ONE!!

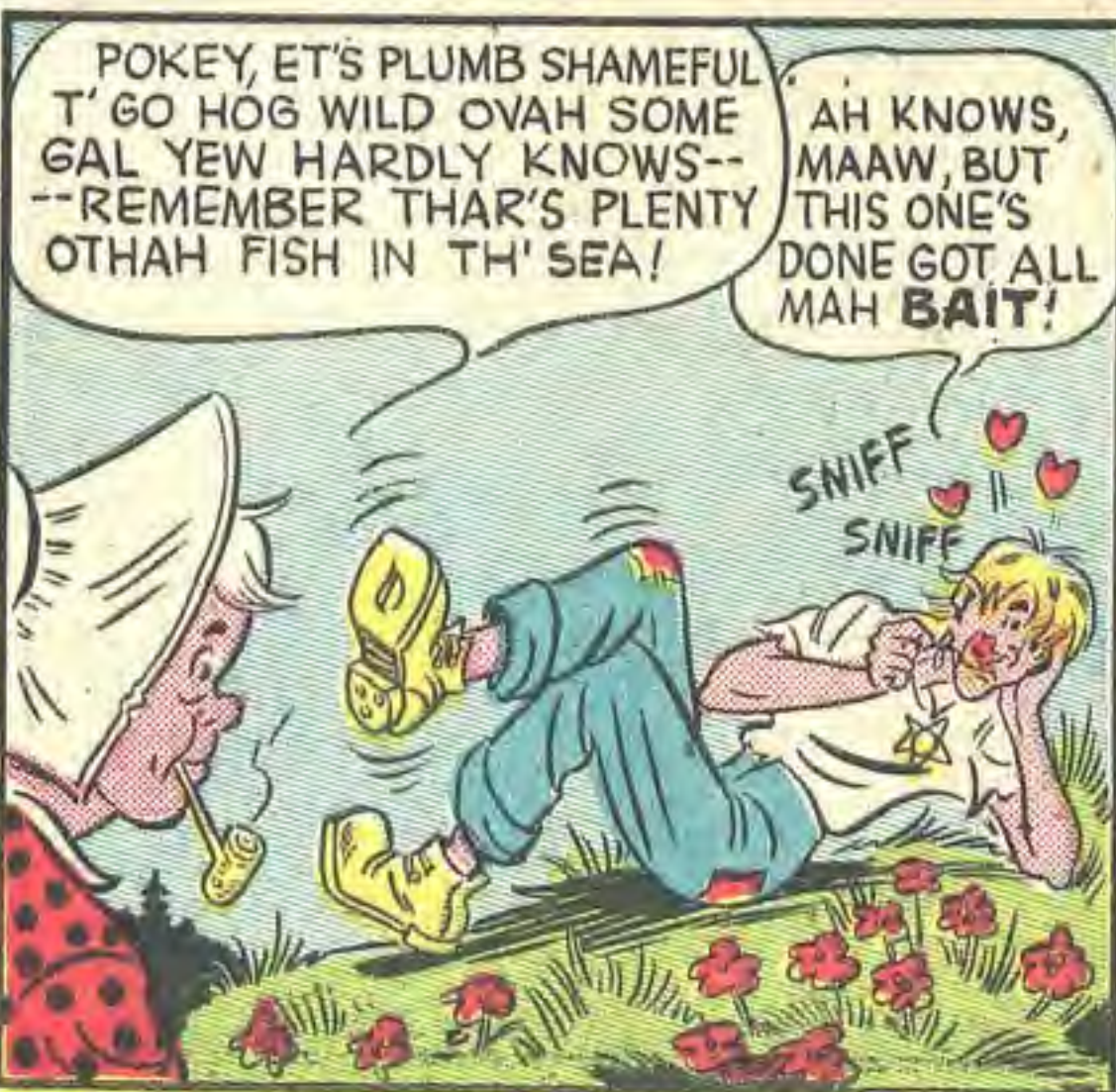
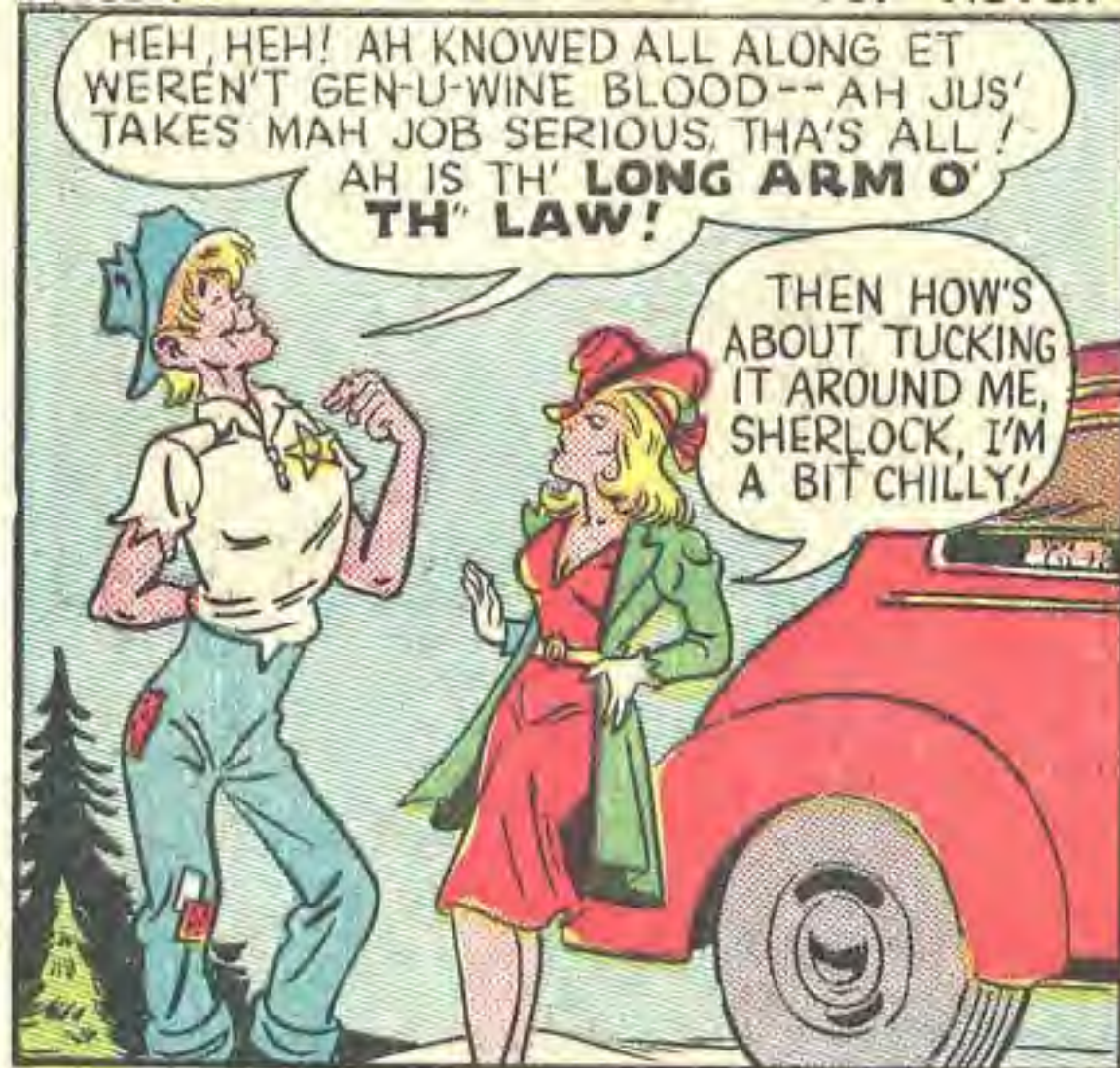


WAL, AH AIMS TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE INTO THE **TRUNK** OF YORE CAH --A **HORRIBLE SIGHT** FOR MAH INNOCENT EYES TOO, MOS' PROB'LY! (GROAN)

COME NOW, SHERLOCK, YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH!



SWEATIN' SKILLETS! ET'S ONLY A CAN O' **RED PAINT!**





WAL, HYAR AH IS--
AH'LL SUGGEST WE
DO SOME TAFFY
PULLIN'-- THET WAY
AH CAN GET TO
HOLD HER HANDS!
(CHUCKLE)
YOO HOOO!

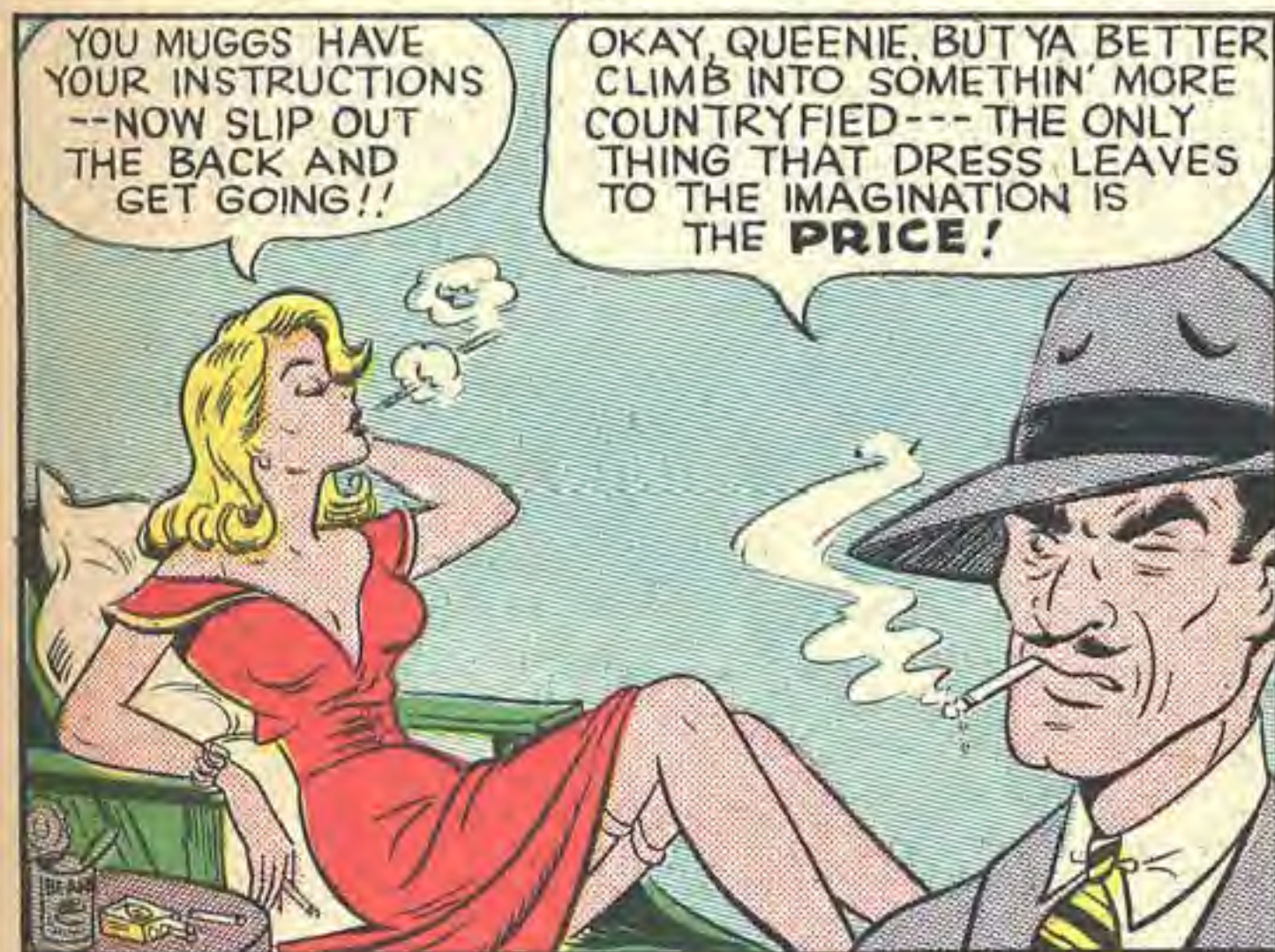


WHA ZAT?
SOUNDS LIKE
SOME DOPE
MUSTA RUN
OVER A
COW!

CRIPES!
IT'S DAT
HICK
SHERIFF!
SHALL I
LET HIM
HAVE IT,
QUEENIE?



NO! WAIT! HAVING THE
TOWN'S ONLY POLICE
PROTECTION RIGHT HERE
IS MORE THAN I
BARGAINED FOR---
HMM-M!!



YOU MUGGS HAVE
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS
--NOW SLIP OUT
THE BACK AND
GET GOING!!

OKAY, QUEENIE, BUT YA BETTER
CLIMB INTO SOMETHIN' MORE
COUNTRYFIED--- THE ONLY
THING THAT DRESS LEAVES
TO THE IMAGINATION IS
THE **PRICE!**



♪OH!♪ GOOD
EVENING, ♪
MR. SHERIFF!
WON'T YOU
COME IN?

WAL-A-YESSUM!
AH WAS JUS'
PASSIN' BY--AH
BRUNG YEW SOME
SANDWICHES
--THEY'S RIGHT
HYAR IN MAH
POCKET!



I FEEL SO POWERLESS
IN YOUR PRESENCE--
WHAT WOULD YOU
SAY TO A LITTLE
KISS?

SHUCKS, AH DUNNO!
AH N-NEVAH SPOKE
T-TO ONE (GULP!)



A-AH, LE'S EAT
A SANDWICH
NOW--HUH--?

SMACK!



WAL BLESS ME!
THEY'S
TOASTED!!

WHY, POKEY, LEAVING
SO SOON? YOU DON'T
GO TO BED WITH THE
CHICKENS,
DO YOU?

NO, MA'AM, BUT
SOMETIMES AH
SLEEP WIFF MAH
PET **GOAT** ON
CHILLY
NIGHTS!



MAN O' BOY!
AH'S IN
LOVE-
SHO' NUFF!



QUEENIE, YOU'RE SLIPPING--
CAN'T EVEN KEEP A HICK
SHERIFF AMUSED--OH, WELL,
THE BOYS SHOULD HAVE
COMPLETED THE JOB
BY NOW!



BUT ON A LONELY HIGHWAY NEAR BY,
QUEENIE'S HENCHMEN ARE STILL WAITING

THAT TRUCK LOAD OF
TIRES SHOULD HAVE
PASSED BY 15 MINUTES
AGO--IT'LL BE CURTAINS
FOR US IF WE MUFF THIS
JOB! **RUBBER** IS WORTH
A FORTUNE, NOWADAYS!

CHEE! MEBBE
DE BANK
WILL START
CASHING ME
CHECKS
NOW, HUH?



BUTTON UP,
STUPE,
I HEAR THE
TRUCK
COMIN' NOW!
LET'S GET
TO WORK!!



**PULL
OVER,
PAL!!**



HMPH! LOOKS LIKE
SOME COON HUNTAHS
UP AHAID--**WAIT!**--
THEM HAIN'T NO
HUNTAHS--THEM'S
HI-JACKALS!
SHO' NUFF!



FIRST WE WALK
THIS LUG BACK
IN THE WOODS
AND LET HIM
HAVE IT!
WITNESSES ARE
BAD THINGS!

**P-PU-LEESE!
HAVE A HEART!
AH GOT A WIFE,
MOTHER-IN-LAW,
AN' TEN KIDS!!**

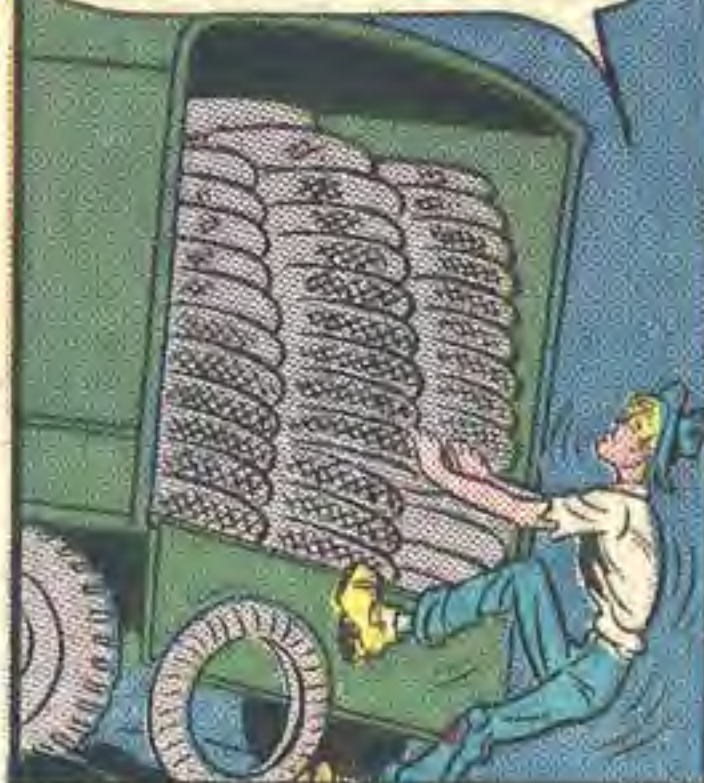
THEN WHY YA
BEEFIN', PAL?



WAL BUS' MAH SPENDERS
EFFIN' THEM HOG BELLED
STRANGERS HAIN'T A FIXIN'
TO KILT THET LI'L MAN AN'
RUN OFF WIFF HIS TRUCK FULL
O' **TIRES**--SECH ORNRYNESS!
ETS EMBEZZERY--ETS FORJURY!



SHO' WISHT AH WUZ
ONE O' THEM SOOPER-
MEN FELLAHS NOW---
BE MIGHTY NICE HAVIN'
SOME **MUSSELS** TO GO
WIFF MAH **BRAINS**!



CUSS ME! BET
THESE HYAR TIRES
WEIGH AS MUCH AS
TH' TRUCK DO
ITSELF--
PHEW!



PLUNK!



GONG!



AN' DON'T NEVAH
POINT GUNS AT
PEOPLE NOHOW!



THANK YEW, SUH--
THANK YEW--SAAY!
YORE FACE LOOKS
FAMILIAR---AH
GOT ET! YEW COME
OVAH TO PINE RIDGE
LAST YAR N'
GRABBED FUST PRIZE
AT OUR **HOSS**
SHOE PITCHIN'
CONTEST!

YEP! WON A BAR
O' FANCY **SOAP**--
STILL GOT IT
TOO--YESSUH!



PULL UP, ELMER!
LOOKS LIKE
SOMEONE'S HAD
SOME TROUBLE!!

YEAH! THEY'RE
RIGHT OVER
THERE BY
THE BRUSH!



HEY! WHAT'S THIS??
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S
WINGY, TH' HI-JACKER
AN' BIG STUPE!!

YEW OFFICERS KNOW
THESE SKONKS--AH'LL
LET YEW DEAL
WIFF 'EM NOW!

TH' POLICE
THANK
GADS!!



POKEY! FO'
SAVIN' MAH
LIFE, AH'M
PRESENTIN'
YEW WIFF
FO' NEW
TIRES!

SHUCKS NO, MISTUH,
YEW SEE AH HAIN'T
GOT NO CAH, BUT AH
MIGHT TAKE **ONE**
TIRE--EFFIN' ET'S
HANDY!



ONE TIRE? BUT
WATCHA GONNA DO
WIFF ONE TIRE?

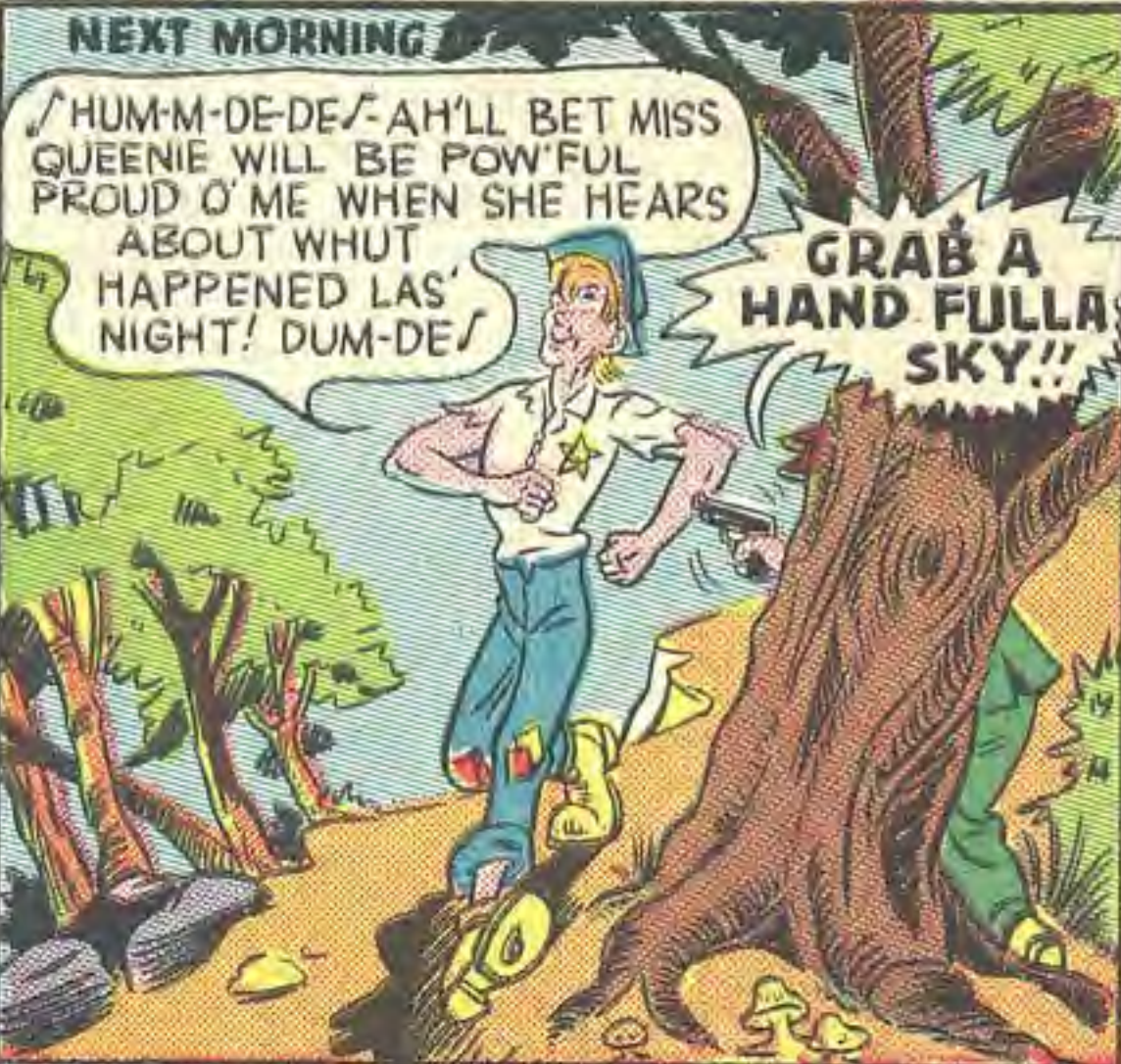
AH'M FIXIN' TO MAKE MAH
LI'L SISTER A **SWING**
WIFF ET! THANK YEW!



NEXT MORNING

✓HUM-M-DE-DE/-AH'LL BET MISS
QUEENIE WILL BE POW'FUL
PROUD O' ME WHEN SHE HEARS
ABOUT WHUT
HAPPENED LAS'
NIGHT! DUM-DE!

**GRAB A
HAND FULLA
SKY!!**



W-WHY-- **MISS
QUEENIE**--
WHUT YEW
---??

I'LL LET
'IM HAVE
IT! EH,
QUEENIE?

IXNAY! I WANT THIS TO
LOOK LIKE AN' **AUTO
ACCIDENT**-- BIND
HIM AND HANG THE
DROOP FROM THAT
LARGE OAK OVER
THE ROAD!





HEY, THAR! YEW
CAN'T STRING TH'
SHURIFF UP LIKE A
SIDE O' POK!
ET'S IL-REGAL!
LEMME DOWN!



AH SEE ET
ALL NOW--
THEY'S GONNA
RUN THET
CAH PLUMB
THRU ME!
(CHOKE!)



MAH DIG-NAH-
TEE AN' PRIDE
IS SHO GONNA
HURT!---
TOGETHER WIFF
MAH UNMEN-
SHUNABLES!



HYAR COME
TH' END! SHO
WISHT AH HAD
A COW CATCHA
FO' A
BUSTLE!

STARTLED BY THE ONRUSHING CAR'S
MOTOR, A GIANT RAZOR BACK DARTS
FROM THE UNDERBUSH---



--AND THE FLYING WHEELS OF THE DEATH
CAR CONTACT THE LUCKLESS BEAST!!



THAR GO TH' CAH DOWN TH'
MOUNTING SIDE WIFF THET
PERTY GAL EN ET--**MAH** GAL
(SOB)--OH, HEART-BROKE IS ME!

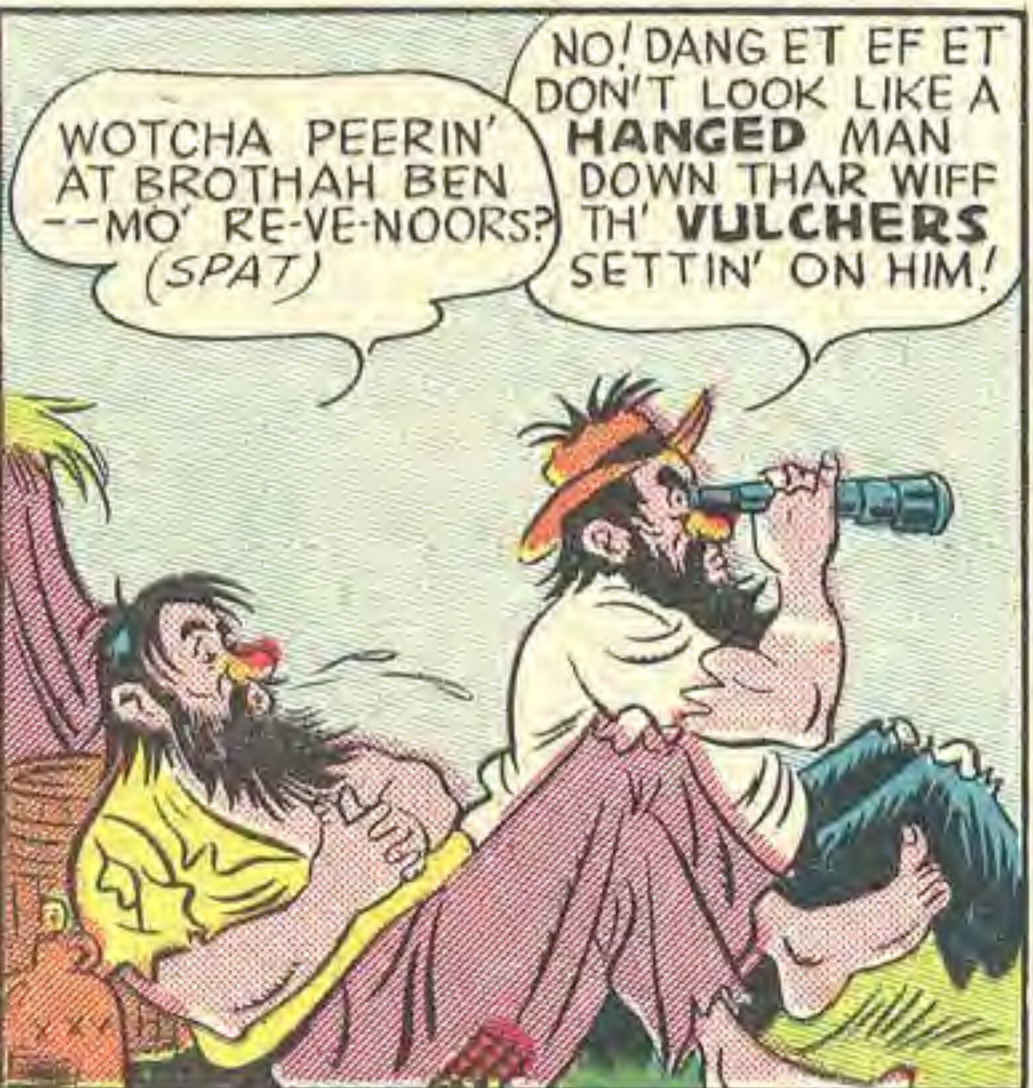


WAL CUSS ME EF SHE DIDN'T GET OUTA THET MESS. **HOORAY!** MAH GAL IS SAVED! SHE'S SWIMMIN' TO THE BANK--**YOOO HO OOO, QUEENIE!**



YOOO HO OOO, QUEENIE! THAR SHE GOES DOWN TH' ROAD-- --WIFFOUT EVEN WAVIN' G'BYE-- (SNIFF) PERSON'D THINK SHE DIDN'T **LOVE** ME! (SOB)

NOW WE TAKE YOU THRU A COUPLE OF GRUNTS AN PUFFS UP THE MOUNTAIN TO THE COUNTRY SITE OF THE GATFIELDS--DISTILLERS EXTRA-ORDINARY!



WOTCHA PEERIN' AT BROTHAH BEN --MO' RE-VE-NOORS? (SPAT)

NO! DANG ET EF ET DON'T LOOK LIKE A **HANGED** MAN DOWN THAR WIFF TH' **VULCHERS** SETTIN' ON HIM!



BAH! AH CAN'T SEE NOFFIN'!!

WAL, YEW GOTTA OPEN YORE **EYES** --CAN'T 'SPECT TH' SCOPE T' DO ALL TH' WORK!



THEM HAIN'T VULCHERS, THEM'S BIG **WOOD-PECKERS** TRYIN' TO GIT AT HIS **HAID!**

SPAT



CAN'T MAKE OUT WHO HE BE --HAT'S OYAH HIS MUG--HE HAIN'T GOT A BEARD THOUGH --FACE SMOOTH AS A PLUCKED CHICKEN!

HMPH! (SPAT) ONE O' THEM **MOVIE STARS** MOS' PROB'LY! (SPAT)



AH'LL SHOOT OFF HIS HAT-- AN' SEE EF ET'S ANY ONE WE KNOWS!

BANG

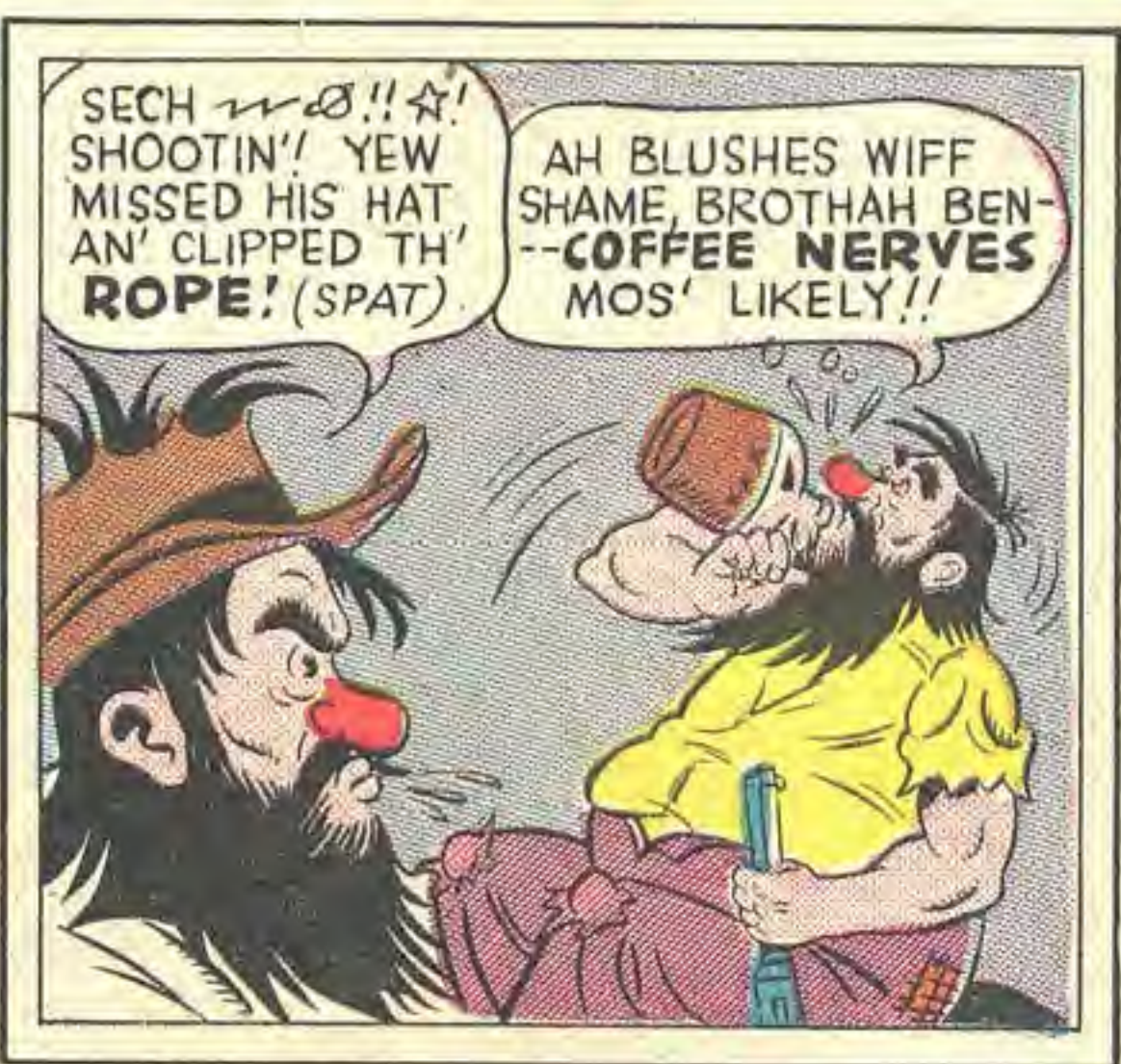


SNAP!

OOF! HOORAY! AH IS SPARED A HORRIBLE FATE FROM THEM PESKY WOOD-PECKERS!!



THET SHOT COME FROM THE GATFIELDS' PLACE -- TH' LOW LIFED SKONKS-- STILL, THEY GOT ME DOWN, MEBBE AH OUGHTA THANK 'EM!



SECH W&!! ☆! SHOOTIN'! YEW MISSED HIS HAT AN' CLIPPED TH' ROPE! (SPAT)

AH BLUSHES WIFF SHAME, BROTHAH BEN-- COFFEE NERVES MOS' LIKELY!!



LOOK! HE'S MAKIN' HIS WAY UP HYAR! TSK! WOT A HOMELY MUD FENCE THING HE IS, TOO!

SHO' NUFF! TSK-TSK!



AH JUŠ' BETS TH' COUNTY WOULD PAY US A BOUNTY ON SECH A RE-PULSIVE CREATURE'S HAID!

YEP (SPAT) RECKON THEY'D GIVE US TWO BITS ER SO -- LET 'IM HAVE ET!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

READERS' PAGE

WELL, YOUR LETTERS AND PHOTOS ARE COMING IN EVERY DAY, AND YOUR OPINIONS ARE BEING CAREFULLY CONSIDERED. TO YOU SLOW-POKES WHO HAVEN'T AS YET ENTERED THE CONTEST, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO SAY...GET IN ON THE FUN! THIS ISSUE, FOR WRITING THE BEST LETTER, A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS, GOES TO:

THE WINNER!



BILLY WESLEY
FOX LAKE
BOX 465
CHICAGO, ILL.

...AND HIS WINNING LETTER!

The character I like best in Top Notch Laugh Comics is The Black Hood. I like him because his adventures are full of mystery, excitement, and laughs with Sergeant McKinley. And what I like mostly are the drawings. This may seem silly to you, but I like the way you put the feeling into the pictures. If you want to make it spooky—well, the pictures give you chills. If you want to make it funny, the pictures get you in the mood. The Black Hood is swell!

Billy Wesley

HONORABLE MENTION



DOUGLAS HALL
309 NORTHERN BLVD.
WILMINGTON, N.C.



BILLY ROY FOSTER
N. LITTLE ROCK,
ARKANSAS



DOROTHY DANIELS
ROUTE 2
IVANHOE, MINN.



ELMER YOCHUM
53 STEWART AVE
PITTSBURGH, PA.



WANDA WADE
BOX 5
WELLMAN, TEXAS



ROBERT JOE BOGGS
W. WATSON RD.
KIRKWOOD, MO.



DOROTHY NEELEY
4465 JUPITER RD.
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.



MARY CROCKETT
140 BELLVALE ST.
MALDEN, MASS.



PAUL POTTER
821 NORTH C ST.
ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.



BETTY HINTTA
R.R. 1
MASS, MICHIGAN



LOUIS VODOPYA, JR.
1229 LISCHY AVE.
NASHVILLE, TENN.



VIVIAN ROEHLING
399 THOMPSON RD.
CINCINNATI, OHIO



BONITA BRANCH
ROUTE 4
RECTOR, ARK.



JOHN BAWGEL, JR.
ROUTE 11
BOX 178 1/2
RICHMOND VA.



BELITA NODARSE
CALLE A # 55
ENTRE 27429
VEDADO, HAVANA,
CUBA

KEEP SENDING THOSE OPINIONS OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS CHARACTERS, AND PHOTOS OF YOURSELF. AND YOU BOYS AND GIRLS WHO'VE ALREADY ENTERED AND WON HONORABLE MENTION ARE STILL ELIGIBLE FOR THE FIRST PRIZE. SEND IN ANOTHER LETTER. WE'VE ALREADY GOT YOUR PHOTO... AND NEXT ISSUE'S WINNER MAY BE YOU!

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

WANTED
FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY
INCOHERENT AND SIMPLE-
MINDED... BUT A DANGEROUS
KILLER



THE BRUISER

WANTED
FIENDISH MURDERER
SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT!
GIVES NO QUARTER AND EXPECTS
NONE! BRING HIM BACK
DEAD, NOT ALIVE!



**THE SON OF
THE SKULL**

WANTED
DEBONAIR VILLAIN! WELL
DRESSED AND CONCEITED
ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE!
**SHOOT
TO
KILL!**



THE DUDE



THE BRUISER, THE DUDE, THE SON OF THE SKULL... THREE BIRDS OF A FEATHER... THREE VULTURES WHO PREY ON SOCIETY... COME TO GRIPS WITH THE MASKED NEMESIS OF NIGHT, THE BLACK HOOD, IN A TALE THAT SPELLS TERROR WRITTEN WITH A FINGER DIPPED IN HUMAN BLOOD. . . .

IN THE STATE PRISON, HIDDEN IN THE DARK CLOAK OF NIGHT...



YOU.. GUARD? COME OVER HERE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, SON OF THE SKULL?

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'M NOT GOING TO ROT IN THIS PRISON! I'LL GET OUT SOMEHOW, I SWEAR IT!



THE SCENE CHANGES... A SCENE FAR REMOVED FROM THE SKULL..AND YET DESTINED TO LINK UP WITH HIS FATE! IN THE HIDEOUT OF JIGGER GOGGIN, GANGSTER CHIEF!



SO YOU FORGOT THE DOUGH YOU OWE YOU OLD PAL, THE DUDE, EH, JIGGER? WELL, I DID NT?

AND I'M WARNIN' YOU, JIGGER!. THE COPS MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING WHO THE GUY IS BEHIND ALL THE STICKUPS IN THIS TOWN!



HAND THAT DOUGH BACK DUDE? I'M WARNIN' YA..



I FIX THIS DUDE, ... EH, JIGGER?



NO, BRUISER! MAYBE ME AND MY PAL DUDE CAN TALK THIS THING OVER?



BUT, AS DUDE PREENS HIMSELF, HE SEES IN HIS POCKET MIRROR...



NOW.. YOU RAT, O-O-O MY EYES?

I GOT MORE USES FOR MY MIRROR THAN JUST LOOKIN' AT MYSELF IN IT, JIGGER?

LIKE A COBRA, THE DUDE WHIPS OUT A WEIGHTED STICK PIN, BUT IT IS MORE THAN THAT! IT'S A DEADLY WEAPON OF TAPERED STEEL...

UK-K
R-R-R-GH

BOSS?
WATCH OUT?

ME...?
HUUH? BRUISER?

I'M GONNA KILL YA
NOW, DUDE! I'M GONNA
BREAK YOUR BACK LIKE
A STICK, THEN
TEAR YOU
TO PIECES!

KEEP
YOUR
TEMPER-
ATURE
DOWN,
BRUISER!

WHY, SURE...
WE..WE CAN GO
SAILING! GEE,
DUDE, I LOVE SAIL-
ING! I ALWAYS
WANTED A BOAT
OF MY VERY
OWN!

THIS TORPEDO
CAN STOP A BULL?
SO TAKE THE
RED FLAG OUTA
YOUR EYES?
DON'T BE A
SUCKER?
YOU 'AN ME
IS GONNA
BE THE BIG
BOYS.. NOW?

YEAH, YOU! WE'RE GONNA TAKE OVER
THE RACKETS, SO THEY'LL REALLY
SING! IF YOU'RE A SMART MONKEY,
YOU'LL HANG ON.. WE CAN MAKE THE
BOSS' YACHT, THE GOLD-
FISH, OUR HEADQUAR-
TERS! A NIFTY HIDE-
OUT... IF THINGS
GET HOT.. ALL WE DO
IS PULL UP THE ANCHOR!

VERY FUNNY, VERY
FUNNY! I'LL KEEP THE
BIG DOUGH! THE SMALL
DOUGH IS FOR SMALL
TIMERS...

NOW, BE GOOD
AN' BRING THE
BOSS' CARCASS
WHERE IT WON'T
STINK UP THE LOT.

SURE, DUDE! I'LL THROW
HIM IN THE RIVER! THE
BOSS USED TO LIKE
SWIMMING... HEH-HEH-
HEH! GOOD JOKE, HUUH,
DUDE?

THAT INSTANT, THE BLACK
HOOD CRASHES INTO THE ROOM.





GEE, WHAT DO WE DO NOW, DUDE?

THAT'S THE WAY OUT! YOU GO FIRST. I'LL KEEP THE COPS BACK!



YOU'RE SURE A GOOD FRIEND OF BRUISER'S, DUDE? YOU LET ME ESCAPE FIRST! I LIKE YOU, DUDE!



IN A FLASH, THE DUDE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND TURNS THE KEY..

HOPE HE LIKES THIS CLOSET. I DIDN'T THINK THEY MADE THEM THAT DUMB ANY MORE?



HEY! DUDE! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL! WHEN THE POLICE BREAK IN, THEY'LL FIND BRUISER TO TAKE THE RAP!



THE DUDE DISAPPEARS, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE POLICE BREAK IN TO FIND..

SO THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN MAKIN' ALL THE RACKET UP HERE... THE BRUISER!



FURIOUS AS AN ENRAGED BEAST.. THE BRUISER SLAMS INTO THE NEAREST ADVERSARY. IN THIS CASE, M'GINTY, THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE!



EVERYBODY DOUBLE-CROSSES BRUISER! THE BOSS, AND DUDE.. AND NOW THE COPS! I DON'T LIKE COPS!



WHEW... I-I CAN BELIEVE TH-THAT?



YA DIRTY COPPERS! I'LL GET OUTTA HERE YET, IF I GOTTA TEAR THIS PRISON APART.. I'LL KILL THAT DOUBLE CROSSIN' DUDE!



QUIET, YOU LOUD-MOUTHED FOOL! THIS PLACE IS UNBEARABLE ENOUGH FOR ME, THE SKULL, WITHOUT HAVING TO LISTEN TO YOU!



GOLLY.. GEE! THE SKULL! (GULP) I'M IN THE SAME PRISON WITH THE SKULL! (GULP) GEE! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU, SKULL!



LATER, AS THE PRISONERS EAT SILENTLY IN THE MESS HALL..



BAH, THIS FILTHY FOOD TURNS MY STOMACH.. IF I COULD ONLY GET OUT OF HERE!

SUDDENLY, THE CONVICT BESIDE THE SKULL, FINDS HIMSELF YANKED OUT OF HIS SEAT..



HE-Y WHAT TH..?

HYAH, SKULL I'M THE BRUISER! KIN I SIT NEXT TO YOU, HUH, SKULL?



MINUTES LATER, THE CONVICTS RETURN TO THEIR CELLS...



H-M-M-THE OAF HAS TAKEN AN ATTACHMENT TO ME.. HIS ENORMOUS STRENGTH MAY COME IN HANDY..



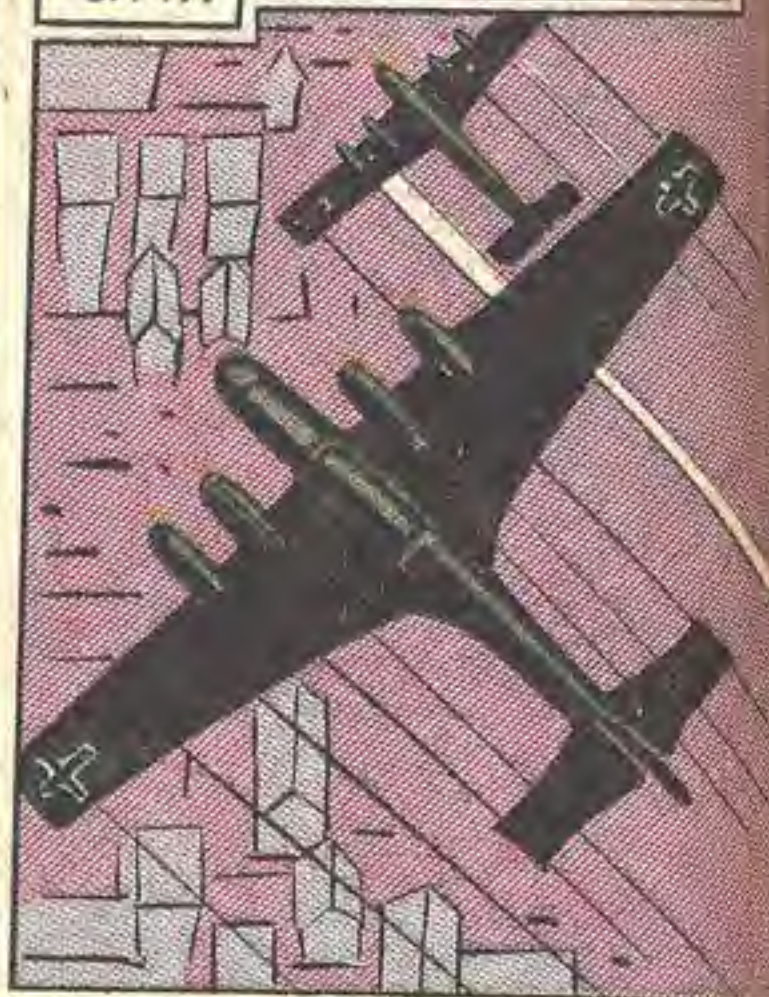
OKAY, LIGHTS OUT AND NO TALKING! MAKE IT SNAPPY! SLEEP WELL, BOYS!

AH-H, NINE O'CLOCK.. UP SINCE FIVE THIS MORNING..MAKES ME PRETTY TIRED? THINK I'LL TURN IN MYSELF!

THAT VERY MOMENT... ABOARD A GERMAN AIR-CRAFT CARRIER LYING IN WAIT OFF THE U.S. SHORE...

ACHTUNG! ALL PLANES TAKE OFF FOR OBJECTIVE?

SECONDS LATER, HEINKEL BOMBERS SWARM OVER THE CITY..



SIRENS SCREAM, AMBULANCES CLANG, AND PEOPLE MOAN IN TERROR AND PAIN, AS NAZI BOMBS ARE UNLEASHED UPON THE POPULACE...



.. AND AS THOUGH GUIDED BY SOME ADVERSE FATE, ONE OF THE BOMBS FINDS ITS MARK IN THE CITY PRISON!



AT A RADIO STUDIO..

DETAILS OF THE FIRST AIR RAID UPON OUR CITY HAVE NOT BEEN MADE PUBLIC.. EXCEPT FOR THIS.. FLASH! THE SKULL AND THE BRUISER ARE MISSING FROM THE PRISON! IT IS BELIEVED... BLAH BLAH BLAH.



BARBARA, DID YOU HEAR THAT? THE BRUISER AND THE SKULL ESCAPED!

MAYBE THEY WERE KILLED, KIP?

MAYBE? BUT IF NOT, IT'S A BIGGER CALAMITY THAN I THOUGHT... IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE THEY MIGHT GO!

JIGGER'S YACHT, EH? IT'S JUST POSSIBLE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET MY HANDS ON BRUISER.. ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH A TRY!

BUT KIP'S HUNCH IS EVEN BETTER THAN HE REALIZES, FOR AT THAT MOMENT, BOTH BRUISER AND THE SKULL ARE APPROACHING "THE GOLDFISH"!!

THERE IT IS, SKULL! NOW I'M GONNA FIX THAT DUDE, GOOD!

AND ABOARD..

YOU MAY TAKE THE NIGHT OFF, CAPTAIN..

AYE, AYE, SIR!

.... THE PARTY I'M EXPECTIN' WILL WANT PRIVACY, AN' PLENTY OF IT!

HERE'S A PARTY YER NOT EXPECTIN' WHO ALSO WANTS PRIVACY, DUDE!

BRUISER!



THE MURDEROUS VAMPIRE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

BARBARA SUTTON rushed forward to meet The Black Hood as he entered the door of the Weller home. "Hood," she said breathlessly, "I'm so glad you're here."

The Black Hood locked the door behind him. "What's the trouble, Barbara?" he asked. "You sounded strange on the phone."

"Alma Weller's husband's been killed—murdered by a vampire!"

"A vampire!" The Black Hood smiled. "You mean one of these Dracula fellows who change into bats and feed on blood? Barbara, you're kidding me."

Barbara's face was deadly serious. "I never believed in vampires before," she said, "but now—" She shuddered. "Come with me."

They walked into the library. A woman was seated on the couch; a man stood near the fireplace several feet away. "You know Alma," said Barbara. She indicated the man. "This is Marshall Lyons, the authority on vampirism."

Lyons was unusual looking. He had a clipped black beard, a black moustache, and heavy black eyebrows—all of these blending together to make him look somewhat like Satan.

"I was spending the evening with Alma and her husband when it happened," said Barbara. "I prevailed upon Alma to let me call you before the police. . . ."

"It won't do any good," Lyons cut in, harshly. "Vampires cannot be defeated by human forces."

"Just a minute," said The Hood. "Barbara, take me to the body."

Murray Weller lay on the bed in his room. The Black Hood removed the covers which concealed him, examined the two puncture marks in his throat, and placed the sheet over him again. Then they walked back to the library.

The Black Hood faced Lyons. "What," he asked, "makes you so sure a vampire is responsible?"

Lyons sighed. "Tell him the entire story, Mrs. Weller," he said.

"About a year ago," Alma Weller said, "our family had a reunion, and we went through some old papers a cousin had recently discovered. One of the papers was written by

my great-grandfather, and said that a vampire had cursed us and that the whole family would be wiped out within one hundred years. The paper was dated 1843. Well, we all laughed, and someone remarked that the vampire would have to work fast if he wanted to keep his promise." She began to sob quietly. "And then, one by one, the members of my family began to die off. Some were found with bite marks on their throat, and autopsys revealed nothing; others had—accidents. The cousin who discovered the papers was the first—his car went off a bridge on his way home from the reunion. . . ." She paused.

"I'll tell you the rest of it," said Lyons. "I had met Murray Weller at his club some months ago, and he asked me to come and to spend this week-end here. He knew I was an authority on vampires. Well, I came, and—you know the rest."

"I see," said The Black Hood. He thought for a moment. "Tell me every detail of the events leading up to the murder—no matter how slight."

"Very well," said Lyons. "We had a late supper at precisely 7:30." He smiled sarcastically. "I won't omit a single detail. We had an Italian supper—spaghetti, meat, garlic, Port wine, all the trimmings. Then Weller and I smoked and talked for a while, and at 9 o'clock he excused himself and went up to bed. One hour later, I passed his room on the way to my own, and went in to borrow a book. That's when I found him . . . murdered by the vampire."

The Black Hood had started. His eyes gleamed with excitement. "That's strange," he said.

"Strange?" echoed Lyons. "Why?"

"Wait a minute," said The Hood. His eyes had gone cold. "You're an expert on vampirism in all its theories—and you don't see anything strange about your story?"

The room was silent for ticking seconds. "No," said Lyons, finally.

The Black Hood smiled. "You should have studied your subject better," he said. "I'm not over-familiar with the subject of vampirism . . . and yet even I know that a person is safe from a vampire if

he has eaten garlic. In any history of the subject you'll find that garlic means death to the vampire!"

The Black Hood leaped forward, and snatched at Lyons' face. The beard, moustache, and padded eyebrows came off in his roving fingers. "I thought so," said The Black Hood. "You're not Marshall Lyons."

Alma Weller screamed piercingly. "It's my cousin, Bill Starrett," she said, her face white. "The cousin who discovered the vampire document!"

Bill Starrett's face twisted with fury. "I'll kill you all," he said, his voice cracking. He dipped into his pocket and came out clutching an odd instrument with two sharp prongs. It was the weapon which had produced the "vampire bites!"

He leaped forward, the weapon outthrust . . . and The Black Hood went to work. His gloved hand slammed against Starrett's wrist with bone-crushing force, and the weapon dropped to the floor. Then The Black Hood followed with two hard lefts. Starrett weaved for a moment . . . and fell on his face.

Alma Weller watched the fight, her eyes wide. Then she dropped into a chair. "Why did he do it?" she asked. "Why did he do it?"

The Black Hood went quickly through Starrett's pockets and came out holding a sheet of paper. "Your cousin apparently *did* find some old documents," he said. "This paper tells of a fortune your great-grandfather hid right in this house . . . a fortune to be shared by the entire family. Starrett knew he couldn't search without emptying the premises, for in that case he'd have to share the fortune. So he forged a 'vampire' document and proceeded to kill off the family . . . first, of course, faking his own death to permit himself greater freedom of movement in carrying out his death plans. He probably used some undetectable poison like hemlock in his murders, so that it looked as though death had come about through . . . throat punctures."

The Black Hood walked over to the phone. "I'll call the police," he said. "They'll be more than glad to escort this 'vampire' to a cell."

TO THE CITIZENS OF CASABA, HITLER, HIROHITO, AND MUSSOLINI ARE GENTLEMEN COMPARED TO THE BANDIT WHO DASHES OUT OF HIS HILL RETREAT PERIODICALLY TO PLUNDER AND KILL — PANCHO GRILLO!

Señor! SIESTA



AFTER THE RAID, A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CABINET IS CALLED BY EL PRESIDENTE

SEÑORS! GRILLO MUST BE CAPTURED!

SI! BUT HOW?



YOU, GENERAL-ISSIMO, WILL TAKE A REGIMENT, AND...

WHO, ME? NO, NO!



I HAVE THE APPOINTMENT WITH THE DENTIST, I CANNOT GO!

MY EENSURANCE AGENT WOULD NEVER PERMEET EET, SEÑOR PRESIDENTE!

YOU KNOW HOW THE MOUNTAIN AIR, SHE DISAGREE WITH ME!



WAIT! I HAVE JUST THE MAN! THE HERO OF ALL THE LAND! I SUMMON HEEM AT ONCE!



AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER...

HERE HE EES, EXCELLENCY. SENOR SIESTA!



AH, BRAVE AND NOBLE SIESTA! EET EES A PLEASURE TO ASSIGN THE MESSION I HAVE TO A CABALLERO LIKE YOU!



NO WAN ELSE
WOULD OUR
GOVERNMENT
TRUST WITH SO
IMPORTANT A
MEESHION!

YOU DO
ME A GREAT
HONOR, EL
PRESIDENTE!
WHAT IS EET
YOU WEEESH
OF ME?



ONLY
TO CAPTURE
PANCHA GRILLO!
THAT SHOULD BE
EASY FOR SO
GREAT A BULL-
THROWER AS
YOU, HA, HA!



YOU
ACCEPT -
OF COURSE?

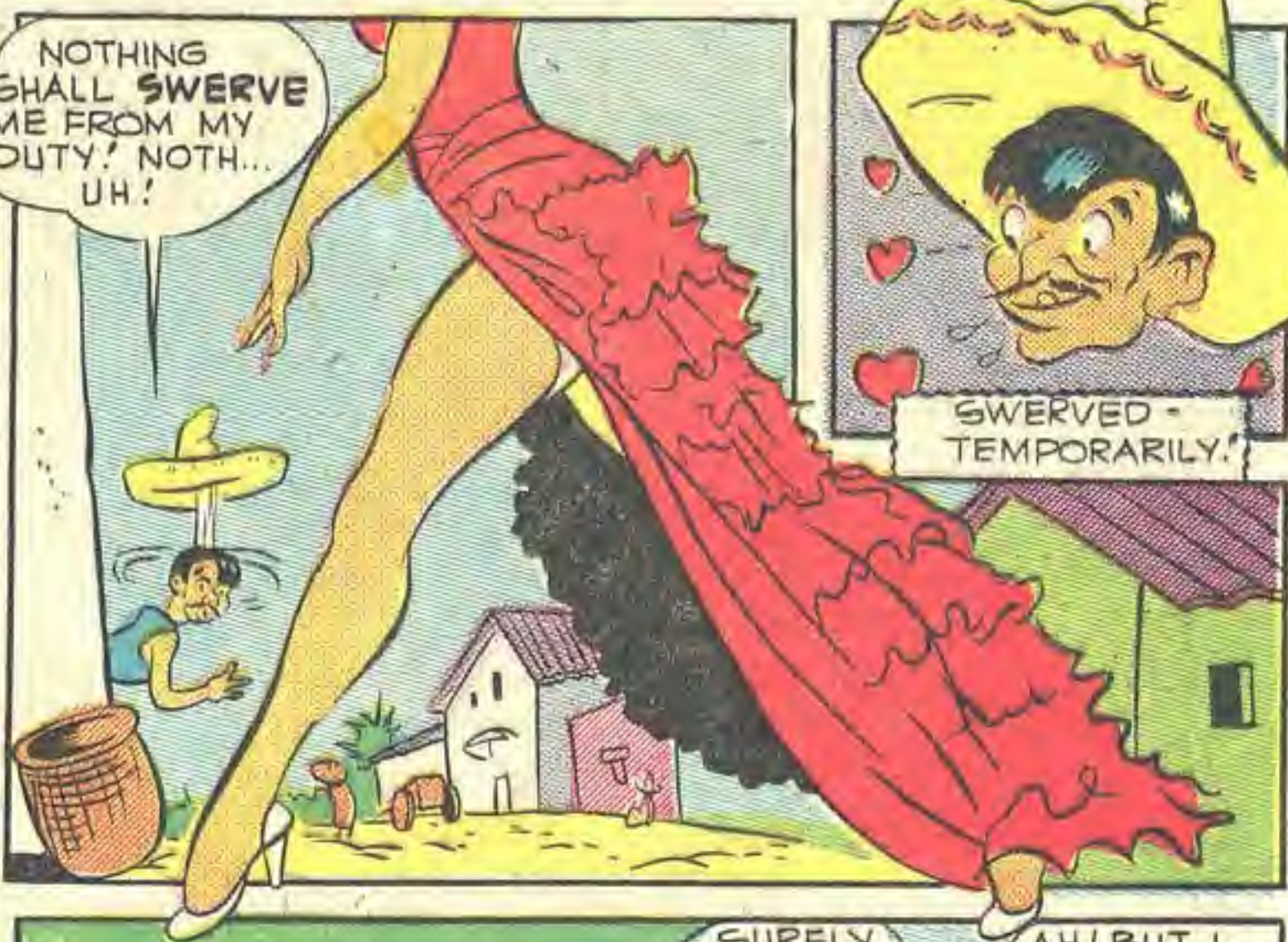
ER..AH...
GULP... BUT
OF COURSE,
HEH, HEH!



I SHALL FOLLOW THEES
PANCHO GRILLO TO THE
FOUR CORNERS OF THE
WORLD TO CAPTURE
HEEM!



NOTHING
SHALL SWERVE
ME FROM MY
DUTY! NOTH...
UH!



SWERVED -
TEMPORARILY!

AH, THE FAMOUS
SEÑOR SIESTA
DOES POOR LEETLE
CARMENCITA THE
GREAT HONOR TO
TALK TO HER!

MUST
WE MAKE
WEETH THE
TALK...
SEÑORITA?



BUT SI, SEÑOR...
YOU ARE **SO**
INTELLIGENT!
I COULD TALK
WEETH YOU
FOREVER, LET
US GO TO MY
APARTMENT,
SI!

BUT NO!
I CANNOT!
I AM ON A
SECRET
MEESHION!



SURELY
YOU HAVE
NO SECRETS
FROM CAR-
MENCITA!

AH! BUT I
MADE THE
PROMISE TO
TELL NO WAN
I AM TO CATCH
PANCHO GRILLO!





AND SENOR SIESTA NEVAIR BREAKS HEES PROMISE! HASTA LUEGA, SENORITA!



EET WAS SIMPLE TO MAKE THE SIMPLE PEON TALK, BURPEZ!

BUENO, CARMENCITA! YOU HAVE DONE WELL!



SO HE GOES TO CAPTURE GRILLO, EH? THEES EES MY CHANCE TO GET REVENGE! WITH SENOR SIESTA OUT OF MY WAY I, BURPEZ, SHALL ONCE AGAIN BE THE NATIONAL HERO!



I AM READY TO START AT ONCE, GENERAL-ISSIMO!

GOOD, SENOR SIESTA! I SHALL TAKE YOU TO YOUR TROOPS AT ONCE!



THERE THEY ARE! A CRACK REGIMENT!

ULP! DID YOU SAY CRACK OR BROKEN?



ONWARD, SENORS! ONWARD TO VICTORY!



I WEEESH 3 MEN TO SCOUT WEETH! WHO WEEEL VOLUNTEER?

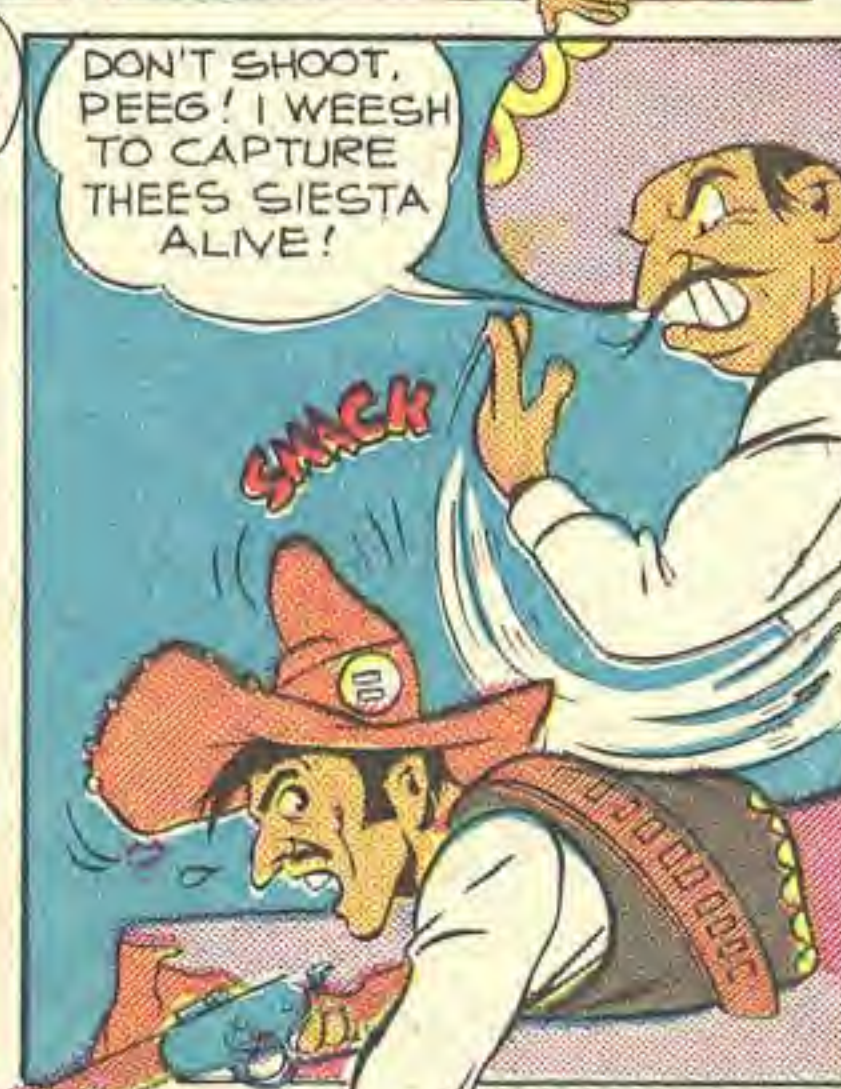
WHO ARE WE TO SCOUT, SENOR SIESTA?

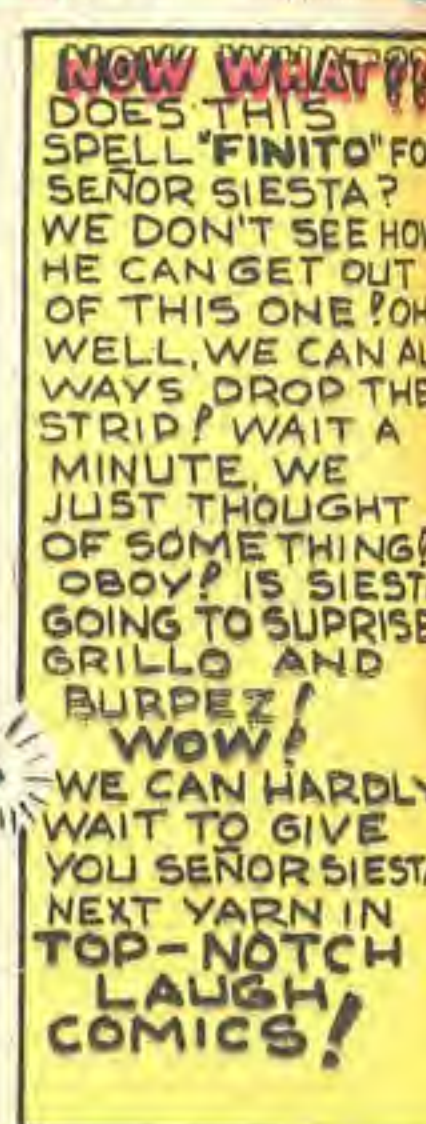
IN THE HILLS.

COMPANY HALT!



A GOOD SOLDIER NEVER ASKS THE QUESTION. HE DOES AS HE EES TOLD! BUT I SHALL TELL YOU ANYWAY, MY BRAVE, FEARLESS TROOPS!





SNOOP MCGOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH....

SNOOP MCGOOK, IN TRACKING DOWN THE CROWN PRINCESS JEWELS NA'S STOLEN "THE WHISTLERS", A NOTORIOUS SPY RING HIDING OUT IN AN OLD, ABANDONED FARMHOUSE. THROWN INTO THE DUNGEON UNDER THE CELLAR, SNOOP IS DISCOVERED BY HIS SQUIRREL, WALDO. THEY ESCAPE THROUGH A TRAPDOOR ONLY TO RUN INTO THE RUTHLESS RINGLEADER ON THE BUSINESS END OF A VERY MEAN LOOKING AUTOMATIC...



ULP!
ER... AM... I JUST
THOUGHT I'D
RUN OUT FOR
A LITTLE
BREATH
OF AIR!

OKAY!
OKAY!
KEEP
COMIN'!

ER...
DON'T YOU
THINK YOU
OUGHTA POINT
THAT THE
OTHER
WAY?

NAH!
IT MIGHT
GO OFF!



I'VE FOOLED AROUND
WITH YOU LONG
ENOUGH! I'M
CALLIN' DE
BOYS!

AW(GULP) DON'T! IT'S
SO--- HEH, HEH--COZY
HERE WITH JUST
THE TWO OF US!



WHAT'S UP,
BOSS? IS DIS
PUNK MAKIN'
TROUBLE?

YEAH! AN' DIS TIME
HE'S REALLY GOT
ME MAD! I HATE
WISE GUYS!

CAN'T WE
JUST SIT DOWN
QUIETLY AND
TALK THIS
OVER?



STEP ASIDE,
BOSS! I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF 'IM
MYSELF!

PUT DAT GAT
AWAY, STUPID! DA
BULLS ARE ALL
THROUGH HERE
LOOKIN' FOR
US!



WELL, WHAT
ARE YA GOIN'
TO DO WID
'IM, CHIEF?

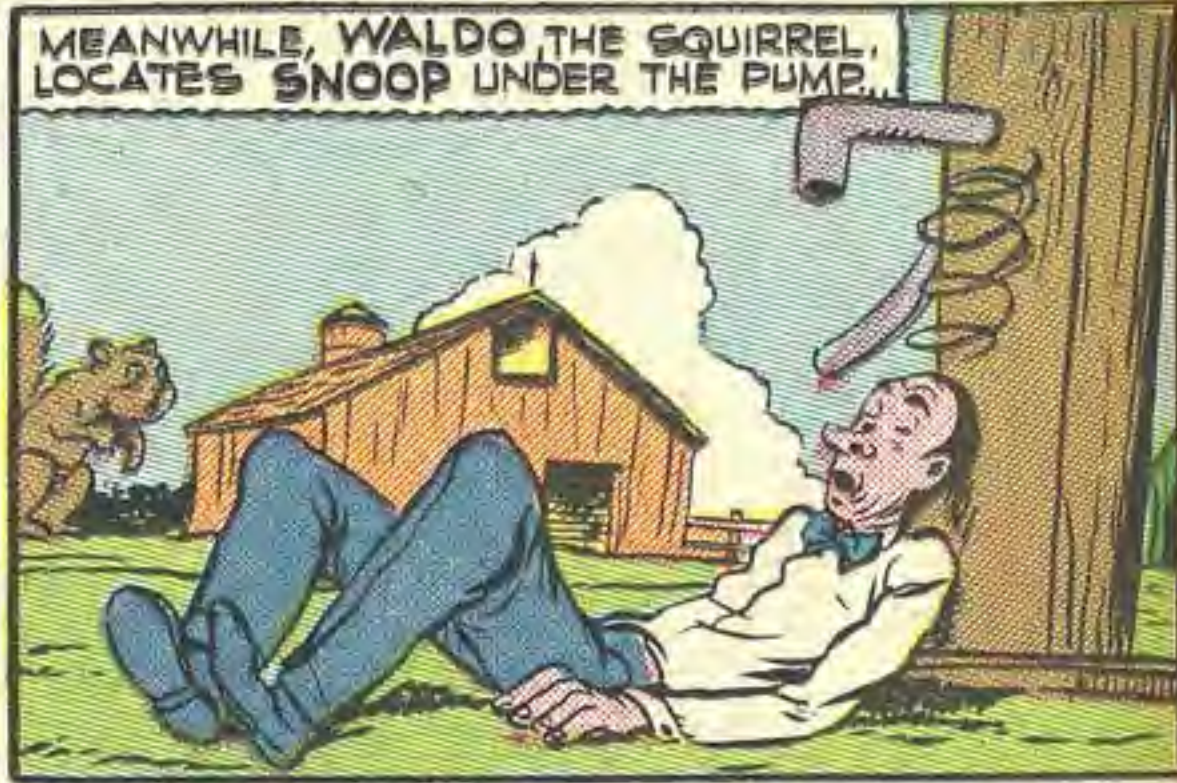
DON'T DISTOIB
'MY TRAIN OF
THOUGHT! SPEAKIN'
OF BULLS HAS GAVE
ME A IDEA! KEEP
MOVIN' YOU!







DAT'S DAT!
MAYBE I OUGHTA
TAKE ALONG
SOME GRUB!



MEANWHILE, WALDO THE SQUIRREL,
LOCATES SNOOP UNDER THE PUMP...



PUFF PUFF



SPLASH

BLUB



BOY! WHAT A BREAK
THAT WALDO FOUND ME!



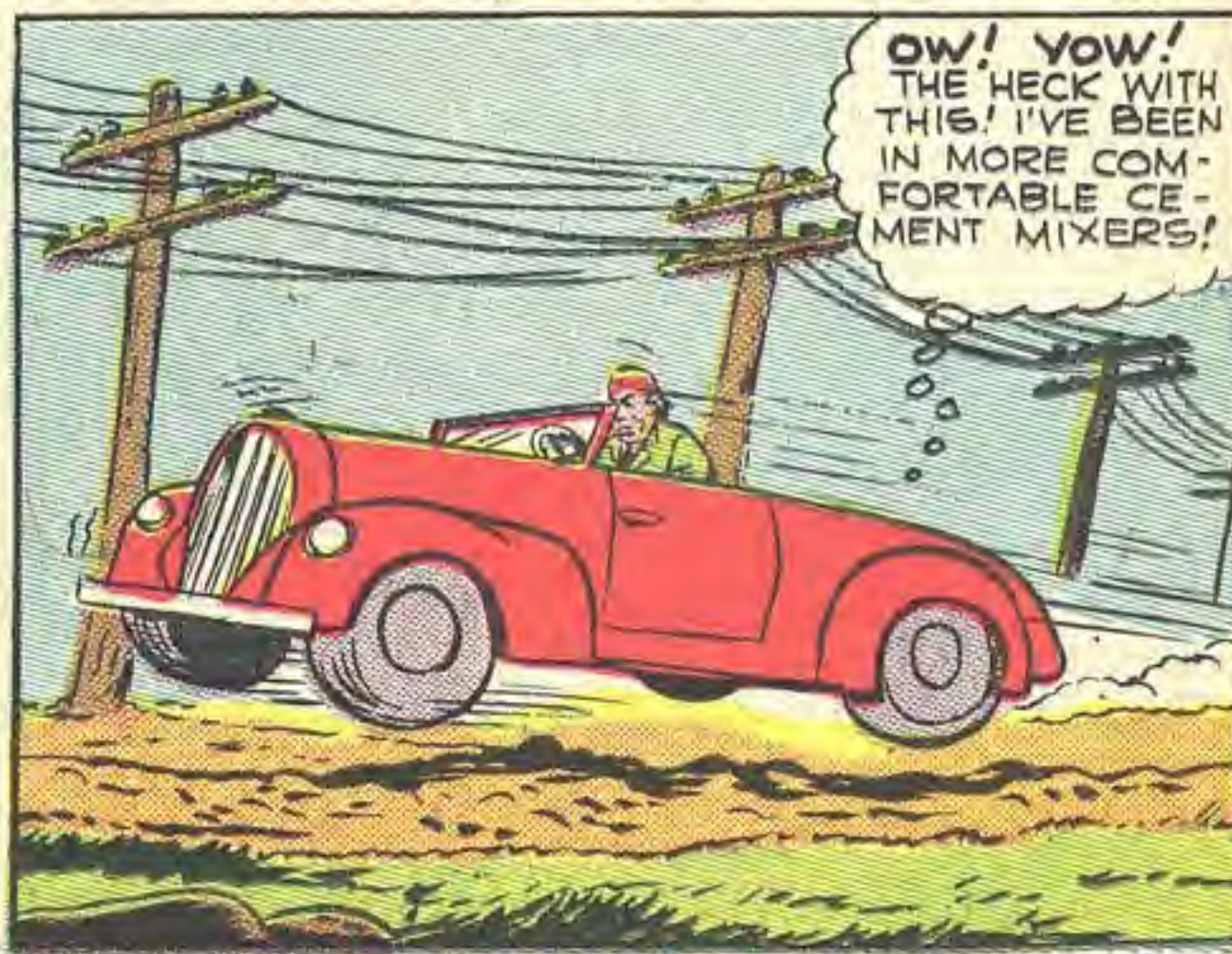
FIRST I'LL LOCK
THESE GUYS IN THE
CORN CRIB BEFORE
THEY COME TO!



OH OH! THE
RINGLEADER!
HE'S HEADIN' FOR
THE CAR! NO, HE'S
GOIN BACK INTO
THE HOUSE! C'MON
WALDO, HERE'S
OUR CHANCE!

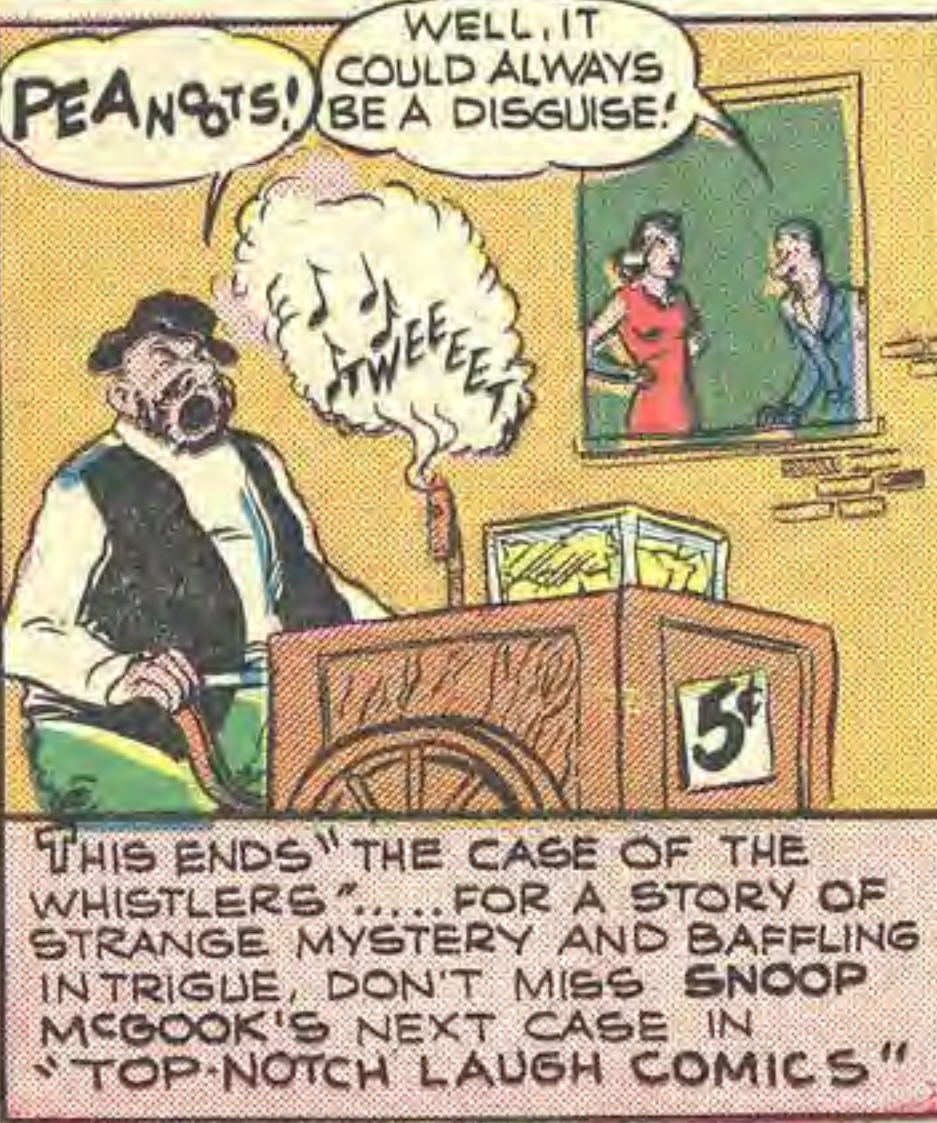


WHEW! THAT
WAS CLOSE! WE'LL
RIDE ALONG AN'
SEE WHERE HE
GOES TO!



OW! YOW!
THE HECK WITH
THIS! I'VE BEEN
IN MORE COM-
FORTABLE CE-
MENT MIXERS!





"THIS ENDS" THE CASE OF THE WHISTLERS"...FOR A STORY OF STRANGE MYSTERY AND BAFFLING INTRIGUE, DON'T MISS SNOOP MCGOOK'S NEXT CASE IN "TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS"

The Big



YOUR BEST BUYS IN COMICS!

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

A SNOOP MCGOOK STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

WALDO KENNINGTON, president of the American Society of Numismatists, smiled urbanely at Snoop McGook. "You see, Mr. McGook," he said, "we had to phone seven detectives before we came upon one who sounded dumb enough for our needs. You were finally selected for the job."

Snoop McGook nodded. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much." He lit a cigar. "Now, what's this case all about?"

"I'm the head of a society of coin collectors," explained Kennington. "Go on," said Snoop.

Kennington frowned to himself. "Coin collectors are a funny breed," he said. "They're so proud of their ability to detect phony coins that when they get stung they won't prosecute or say anything about it. That's why Donald Pelham is still in business. I'm positive he's crooked, and yet I can't get a single collector to testify against him because they don't want to admit they've been taken in."

"Go on," said Snoop.

"Therefore," continued Kennington, "I want you to go there and buy some rare coins. Pelham's just down the block, second door from Maple Street. He'll never resist the temptation to fleece as dumb a bunny as you. He'll sell you a phony coin, and we'll have the evidence on him."

"I'll get right to work on it," said Snoop, leaping to his feet. "Never fear. We'll have this Pelham in the clink in twenty-four hours."

Donald Pelham had a small store, but an expensive-looking one. Snoop McGook went in.

A man walked quickly over to meet him. "I'm Mr. Pelham," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Pelham had greasy hair, a greasy face, a greasy moustache, and a greasy smile. Snoop gave him a hard stare and said, "I'd like to buy a coin."

Pelham rubbed his hands together. "Ah," he said. "Something in old Roman, no doubt?"

Snoop nodded, and Pelham dipped his hand into a desk drawer. "Here," said the coin dealer, "is a bit of money which should meet your

fancy. Look at it. Observe it carefully. Note the date stamped on the face—18 B. C. And you can have it at an astonishingly small price. Only one hundred dollars!"

A moment later he had the coin in his change pocket, and he ran happily up the street to Kennington's office. "Now to have Mr. Kennington check this coin," he mused.

He walked up to Kennington's outer door and pulled at it. It didn't budge. He yanked again. It still didn't budge. He was about to wrestle with the handle for a third time when he noticed a neat little placard jammed against the outer windowpane. "Open from 9 to 5 daily." It was now 6 o'clock.

Snoop groaned. "Gee whiz, I wanted to get this case over today," he said, aloud. "There's a swell football game on tomorrow, and I wanted to see it." He groaned again. "And I can't go check this coin with some other expert. They charge dough for the service, and that hundred was all I had."

Suddenly a brilliant thought struck him with the force of a lead pipe falling from a height. Why not look at the coin and see if he himself could detect if it was phony?

He pulled out the coin, and peered at it. Slowly, he shook his head. No dice. There was nothing wrong with the coin as far as he could see. And then his mouth opened.

"Holy Mike!" he shouted. "This coin ain't round!"

He was right. The coin was irregular, shaped more like an egg than like a circle. "I've got him dead to rights," said Snoop. "I'll run over there and drag him by his ears to the nearest cop."

He was stern when he walked back into Pelham's store. Pelham came forward to meet him, his greasy face all aglow. "Back already?" he said. "I've got just the thing for you."

"Never mind the sales talk," barked Snoop. "I'm on to you, you crook! The coin's a phony, and I'm going to have you pinched."

The smile faded from Pelham's face, and his lips became hard. "You won't arrest me," he said. "Why, you'll be the laughing-stock of the

coin world, taken in so easily. You'd better drop the whole thing."

Snoop smiled. "You can't scare me that way. I'm not a coin collector. I'm a private dick."

Pelham cursed. "This business has been earning me too much dough to let you queer it." He was leaning against the swinging counter door, and he pushed it forward, hard. It slammed against Snoop's stomach.

Snoop said, "Ugh," as the blow bent him forward. He bent almost double . . . and as he did so, his hard head collided with Pelham's jaw. There was a hollow sound, and Pelham went down on his face.

The next morning Snoop stopped in and explained the whole thing to Kennington. "You'll have to go to the jail to testify against Pelham for me," he said. "I'll be too busy watching a football game."

"Very well," said Kennington. "Let me look at the phony coin."

Snoop handed it to him. "See?" he said proudly. "I knew immediately that the coin was a phony when I saw that it wasn't round."

Kennington had turned white. "Thank Heavens this coin is phony." He whirled on Snoop. "You thick-head, all coins of that period weren't completely round. They were stamped out with stone presses, not with machines. You couldn't expect a perfect roundness. This coin is phony because of the date. Look at what it says. 18 B.C."

Snoop shrugged. "I don't see anything wrong with that."

"You don't?" Kennington sighed again. "This is 1942 A.D., and A.D. is a Latin abbreviation for, 'In the Year of our Lord.' In other words, this is 1,942 years after the birth of our Lord. Before his birth, the years are called B.C., standing for 'Before Christ' . . . meaning that this coin was supposed to have been manufactured eighteen years before the birth of Christ. You dumbhead, how could they know eighteen years before the birth of the Lord that he was going to be born eighteen years afterwards?"

Snoop McGook groaned. "Golly," he said. "I hadn't thought of that."

And he was telling the truth. He hadn't.

GLOOMY GUS

UNLUCKIER THAN MOST-
HE CAN'T BE A HUMAN!
HE CAN'T BE A GHOST!

HE WANTS A BODY
THAT'S STRONG AND
ROOMY!
UNTIL HE FINDS IT
GUS WILL BE GLOOMY!

STORY
BY
KEAN

I GOTTA
HAVE A BODY,
I JUST GOTTA.
NOW WHERE
WILL I GO?

"RED"
HOLMDALE

N-NO, I COULDN'T GO
IN THERE!
IT'S TOO
SPOOKY!

MAYBE HERE-
A HOSPITAL!

HOPE I DON'T FIND A
BODY WITH GERMAN
MEASLES!

YOU'VE GOT A NOISY
PATIENT IN ROOM
405.

YEAH! I JUST GAVE
HIM A SEDATIVE! HE'S
DEAD TO THE WORLD!

DEAD, HUH! JUST
WHAT I'M LOOKING
FOR!

HECK, HE HASN'T EVEN GOT A
MOUSTACHE! OH WELL, I CAN'T
BE PARTICULAR!

HERE,
I GO!

THIS GUY'S
PRETTY CRITICAL
NO HOPE!!

BUT AS GUS TRIES TO CREEP INTO THE SUPPOSED CORPSE.....



SAY, BUD! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!

B-BUT I UNDERSTOOD THERE WAS A VACANCY IN THAT BODY!



WELL THERE AIN'T SEE! I AIN'T MOVED OUT YET. I AIN'T GOIN' TO FOR A LONG TIME. SCRAM!

(ULP) MY MISTAKE. HEH HEH! AH.. S'LONG!



POOR GLOOMY GUS, HIS LIFE IS SHODDY! WHERE OH WHERE WILL HE FIND A BODY?

?



GEE, A CIRCUS. WONDER IF I COULD FIND ANY BODY THERE?

O.K. READERS! LET'S LEAVE GUS FOR A MOMENT AND DUCK INTO THE CIRCUS, AND SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON.



STEP RIGHT UP. ONLY A SMALL DIME FOR A BIG THRILL FOLKS!



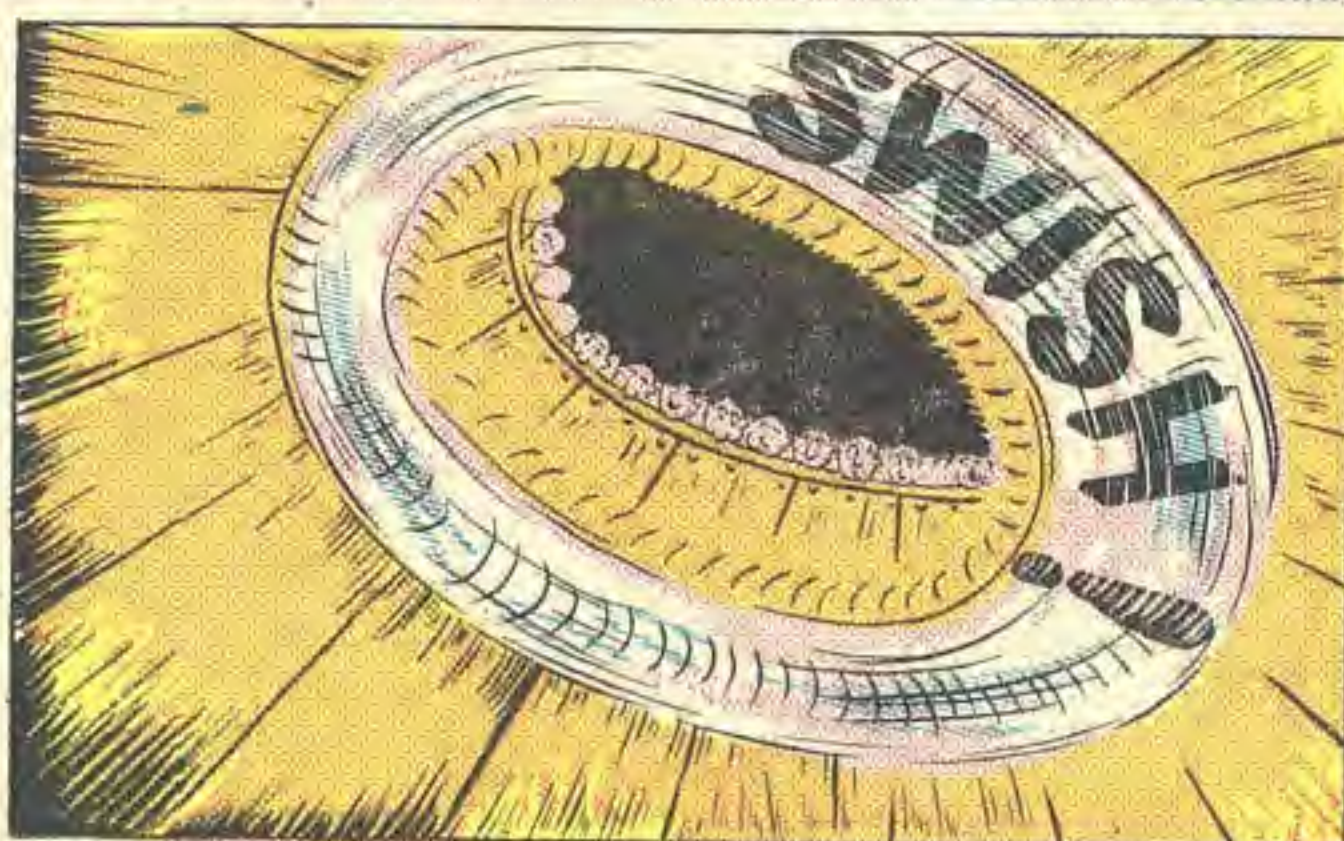
BIG CROWD TODAY! TROUBLE IS I CAN NEVER GET ANYWHERE IN THIS BUSINESS!

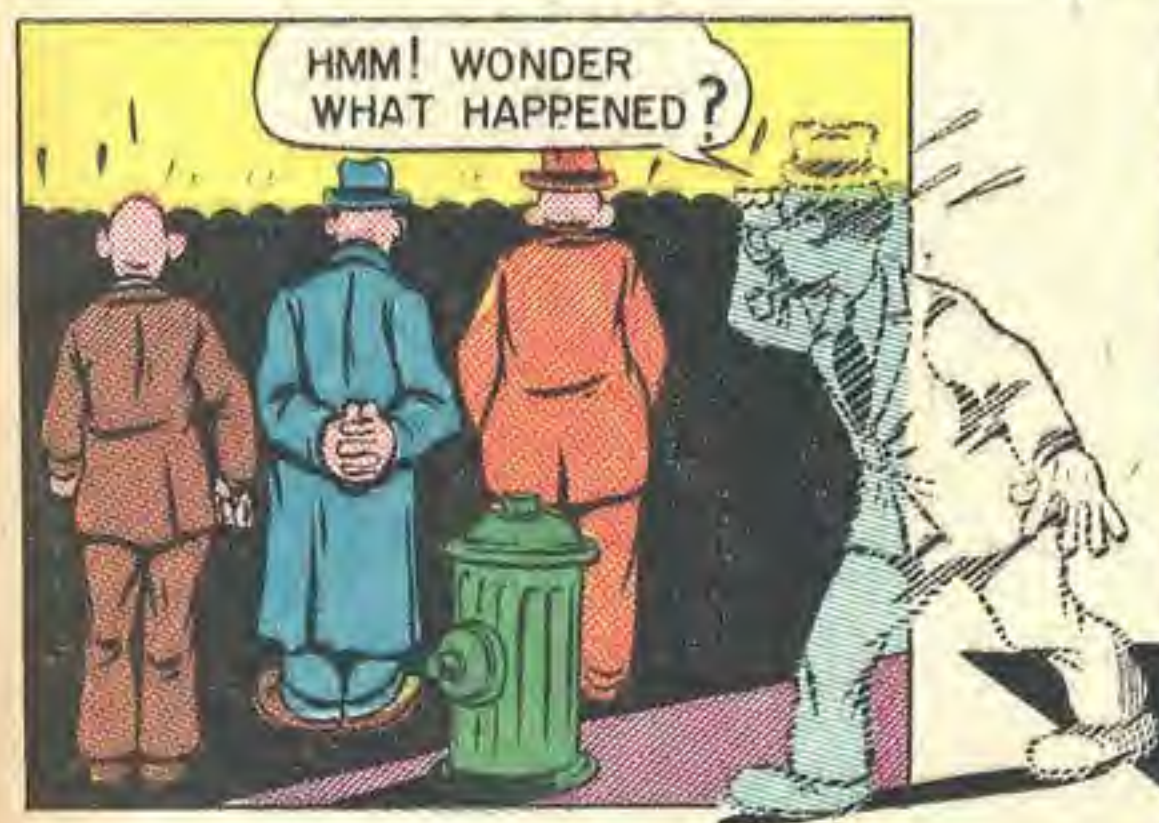
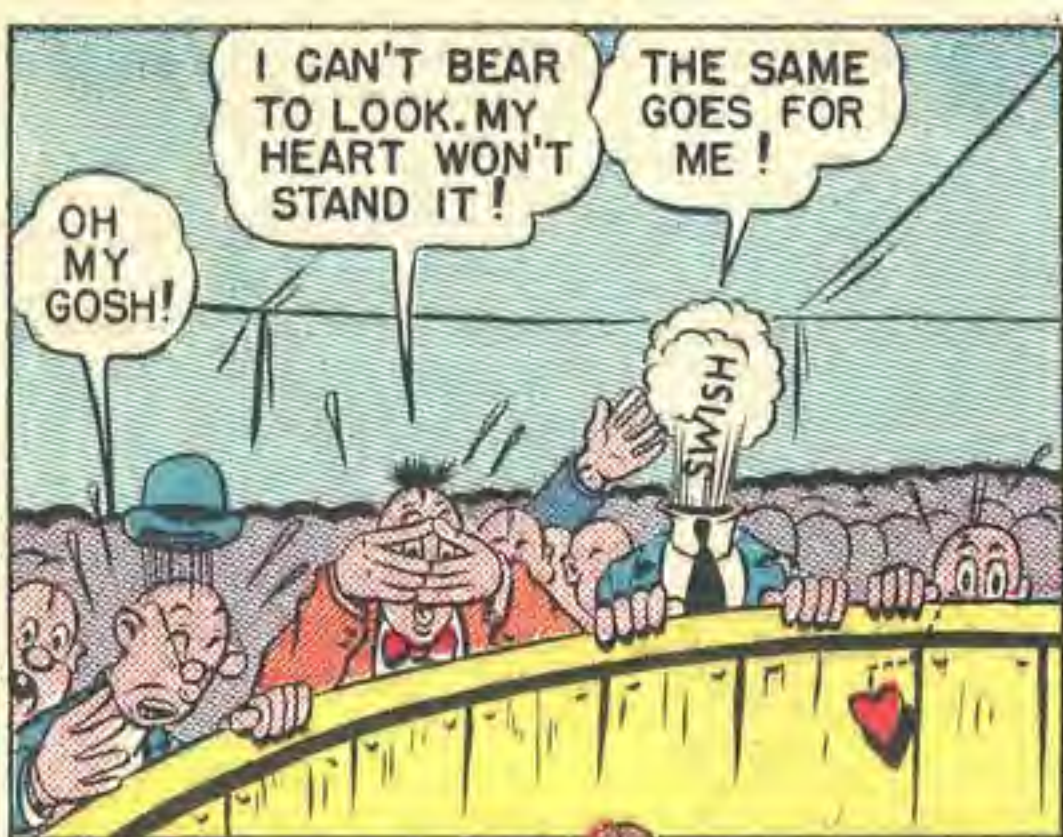
LOOK, THERE GOES THE SPEED MAN!



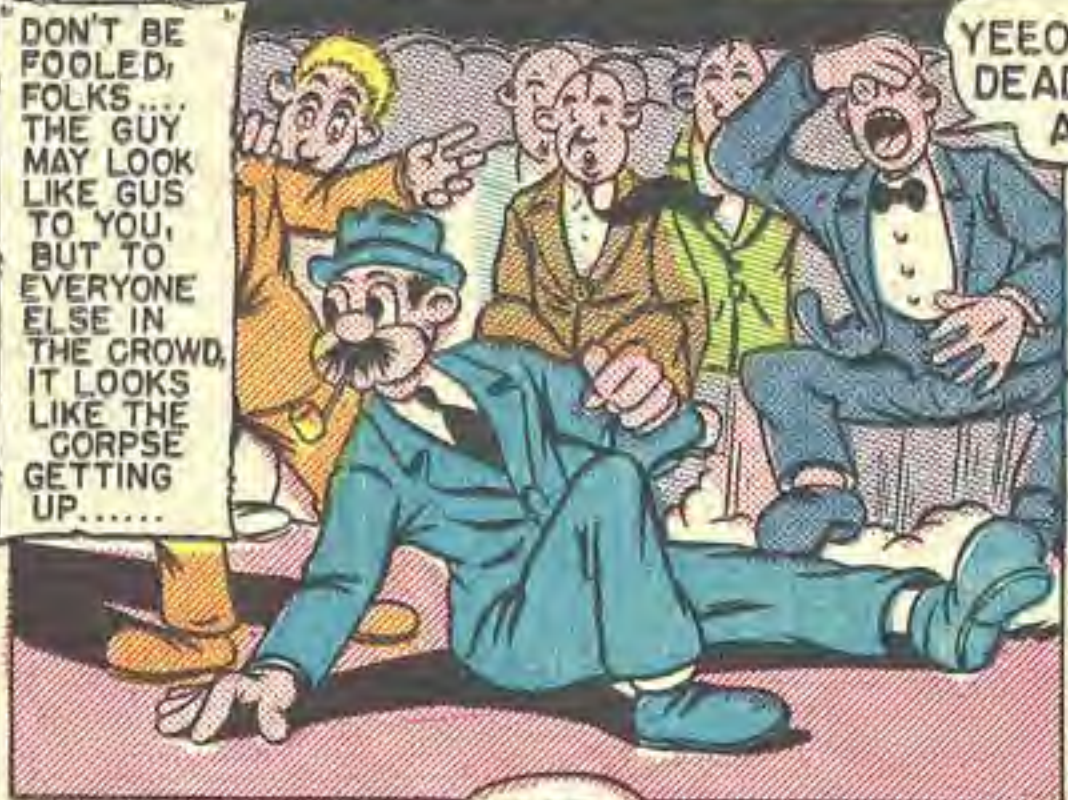
HE'S GETTING UP SPEED NOW!

LOOKIT HIM GO.....!





DON'T BE FOOLED, FOLKS... THE GUY MAY LOOK LIKE GUS TO YOU, BUT TO EVERYONE ELSE IN THE CROWD, IT LOOKS LIKE THE CORPSE GETTING UP.....



YEEOW! HE WAS DEAD A MINUTE AGO!

S-SAY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE—I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE—THINK I'LL GO HOME!



WHY GO HOME? IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET ON WITH YOUR ACT!

ACT WHAT ACT?

SPEED MAN
THE FASTEST HUMAN DRESSING ROOM

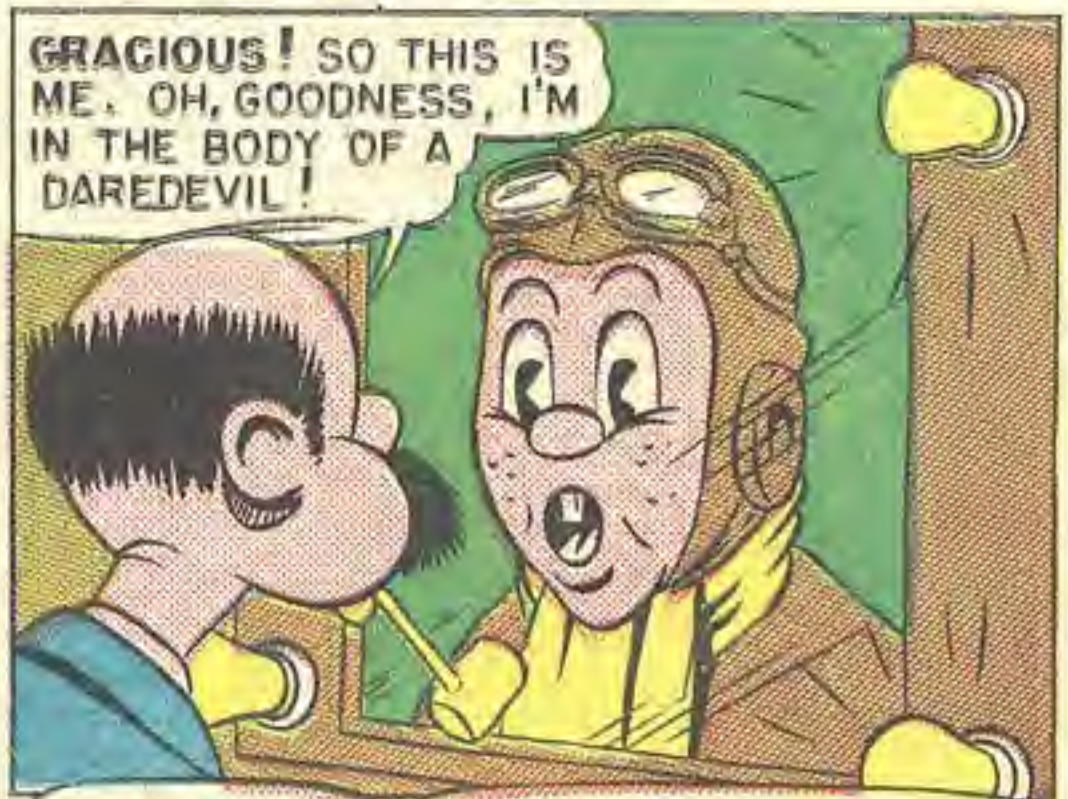


YOU'RE ON NEXT! SO HURRY UP!



AND NOW PRESENTING THE SENSATIONAL-SPECTACULAR HUMAN CANNONBALL!

GRACIOUS! SO THIS IS ME. OH, GOODNESS, I'M IN THE BODY OF A DAREDEVIL!



B-BUT LOOK... I-I'M NOT.....

G'MON, YOU DOPE, YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE ACT!



HEAVE!

HO!





WHAT KIND OF A BODY HAS GUS PICKED FOR HIMSELF THAT'S SCARED HIM SO? YOU'RE IN FOR A REAL TREAT IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!!

SUZIE

ADAGIO
HE TANGOS
WITH A
BANGO

OH, MY!
OH, DEAR!

OH
HO!

CLICK
CLACK

CLICKITY
CLACK

by
RED
HOLPIDALE
AND
KEAN

COGITATE (LOOK WORD
UP. I HAD TO!) UPON
THE LAST TIME WE SAW
SUZIE. SHE'D LANDED
HERSELF SMACK IN THE
MIDDLE OF A BROADWAY
STAGE ON THE OPENING
NIGHT--- WITHOUT THE
SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHAT
TO DO NEXT! JUST COGIT-
TATE! (WHAT! YOU HAVEN'T
LOOKED THAT WORD UP
YET?)

A NEW PARTNER, EH?
COME, MY PRETTY!

I-I ER...
THINK I'M IN
THE WRONG
COMIC STRIP!

A FLIP OF THE WRIST -
AND YOU'VE GOT A
NEW TWIST! S0000-O!

Ooooooh!

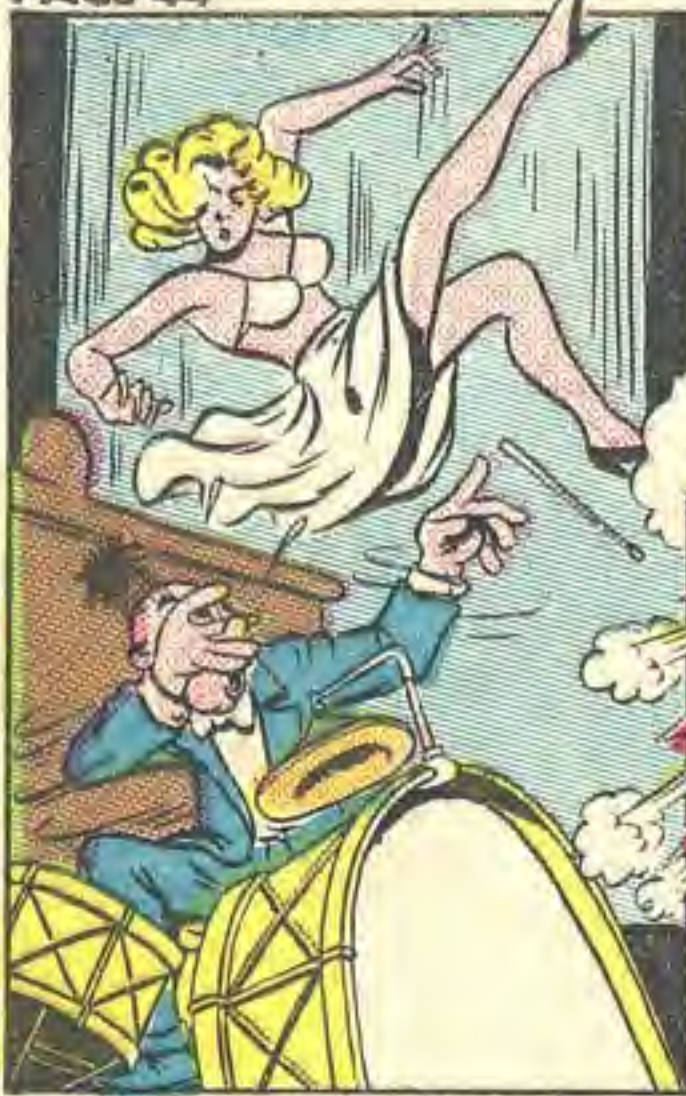
COME, CARA MEE-A,
YOU'RE IN GREAT
SHAPE FOR A HEP
STEP!

MEANWHILE THE FLABBERGAS-
TED PRODUCER OF THE SHOW
WATCHES!

ULP! HOW DID SUZIE
GET OUT THERE?

ALLEY ONE...ALLEY TWO
ALLEY THREE.....





CRASH!
BOOM!
BANG!



THIS BEATS EVERYTHING!
MY FAVORITE DRUM,
TOO!



SUZIE!
COME
HERE
YOU

GRRR!

SCRAM! GET OUT
OF HERE! YOU'RE
THROUGH! NOT ONLY
THAT, BUT YOU'RE
FIRED!

ER....(I
QUIT!)

NEXT DAY

GEE! WHAT'LL I
DO NOW? I'M A
FLOP ON THE
STAGE... AND I'VE
NO JOB!

MEANWHILE AT THE
PRODUCERS OFFICE.

GOSH WHAT'LL I DO
NOW? I'VE A FLOP
ON MY HANDS---NO
SHOW---HEY WHAT'S
THAT?

YEOW! IT'S A HIT!
OH, BOY! THE CRITICS
RAVE ABOUT IT!



REVIEWS -
LAST NIGHT AT
THE PLAYHOUSE
A NEW COMEDY
STAR ROSE ON
THE STAGE HOR-
IZONS. MISS
SUZIE WHO CON-
TRIBUTED THE
ONLY LAUGHS TO
THE OTHERWISE
DULL SHOW IT
CAN BE TRULY
SAID THAT SUZIE
IS A NEW HIGH
RIBTICKLING
IMOR.

S'DDENLY

COME IN WITHOUT KNOCKING
IS MY MOTTO - ESPECIALLY
WHEN I'VE GOOD NEWS - I'M
GOLDFARB OF MAGNIFICENT
FILMS, INC. I WANT TO SEND
SUZIE TO HOLLYWOOD!
SHE'S A RIOT!

B-BUT I FIRED
HER YESTERDAY!



ROCKEY
PRODUCER
HIT SHOWS

OOF! HOW COULD YOU FIRE HER? WE MUST FIND HER!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE AND HAVE HER TRACED... GET ME THE LOST AND FOUND!

SEARCH EVERYWHERE!

FIND HER!
FIND SUZIE!

MEANWHILE DISHEARTENED SUZIE LOOKS FOR A JOB!

WESTERN UNION

I CAN RIDE A BICYCLE!

SPECIAL TODAY 3 AND 5 WORDS FOR 5¢

SO YOU WANT A JOB, EH WELL, WHAT CAN YOU DO?

....ER...RIDE BICYCLE.... ER... YOU'RE HIRED!

HOURS LATER AT THE PRODUCER'S OFFICE.....

THAT'S THE END! NOBODY CAN LOCATE HER! SUZIE'S DISAPPEARED!

NOTHING FOR ME TO DO BUT TELEGRAPH HOLLYWOOD I CAN'T FIND HER! WELL LET'S GO!

IT SURE IS A SHAME! SHE WAS A BIG FIND!

NOW SHE'S A BIG LOSS!

WESTERN UNION

PRIVATE

I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM TO..... SUZIE - you!

SUZIE! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! WE WANT YOU!

OH DEAR! THEY WANT TO SUE ME FOR RUINING THE SHOW!

MY... GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

ZIP!

G-GEE, JUST ESCAPED IN TIME!

LET'S CHASE HER ON A BIKE!

STOP! STOP!

I CAN'T RIDE
THESE THINGS!

DON'T
LOOSE



LIKE A SNAKE WITH A STOM-
ACH ACHE SUZIE VEERS
ACROSS THE STREET!

AHH! MY 'NEW DRUM! I'M ALMOST
GLAD SUZIE BUSTED THE OTHER ONE!
THIS IS A PEACH!



HEADS UP!
COMING.....

...THROUGH!

HATE TO BREAK
IN ON YOU LIKE
THIS!

NOW I'LL JUST TRY
AND SQUEEZE THROUGH
HERE AND....OOOF!





GRRR! THIS IS THE SECOND DRUM RUINED BY THAT FUGITIVE FROM A BICYCLE CHAIN!



BUT LOOK! SUZIE DOESN'T GET VERY FAR BEFORE —



OH DEAR! THEY'VE GOT ME

SUZIE! AT LAST! THIS IS MR. GOLD-FARB OF MAGNIFICENT PICTURES...

...INCORPORATED! (PUFF PUFF)



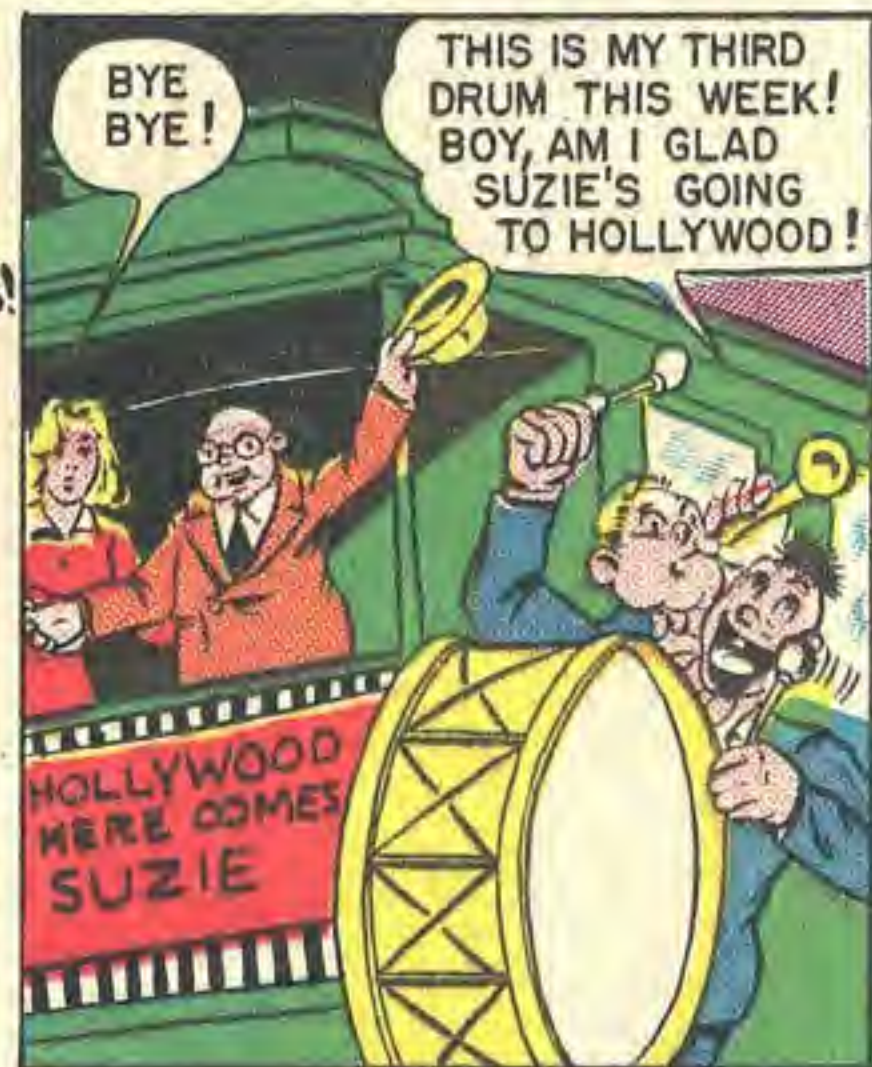
HERE YOU ARE SUZIE! JUST SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE!

G-GOSH! HOLLYWOOD! I CAN MEET TYRONE POWER!



LATER... SUZIE GETS A SENDOFF AT THE STATION!

HURRAY! GOOD LUCK SUZIE! GIVE DONALD DUCK MY REGARDS!

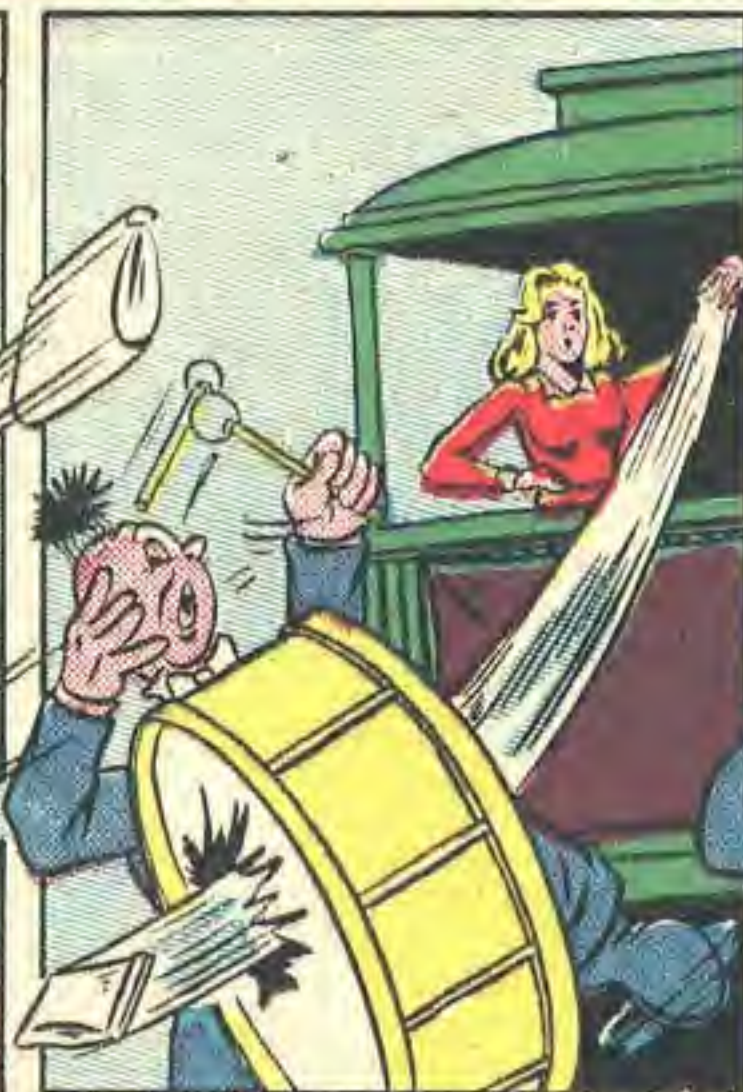


BYE BYE!

THIS IS MY THIRD DRUM THIS WEEK! BOY, AM I GLAD SUZIE'S GOING TO HOLLYWOOD!



GOOM BYE....BYE...— OOOH! MY BAG SLIPPED!

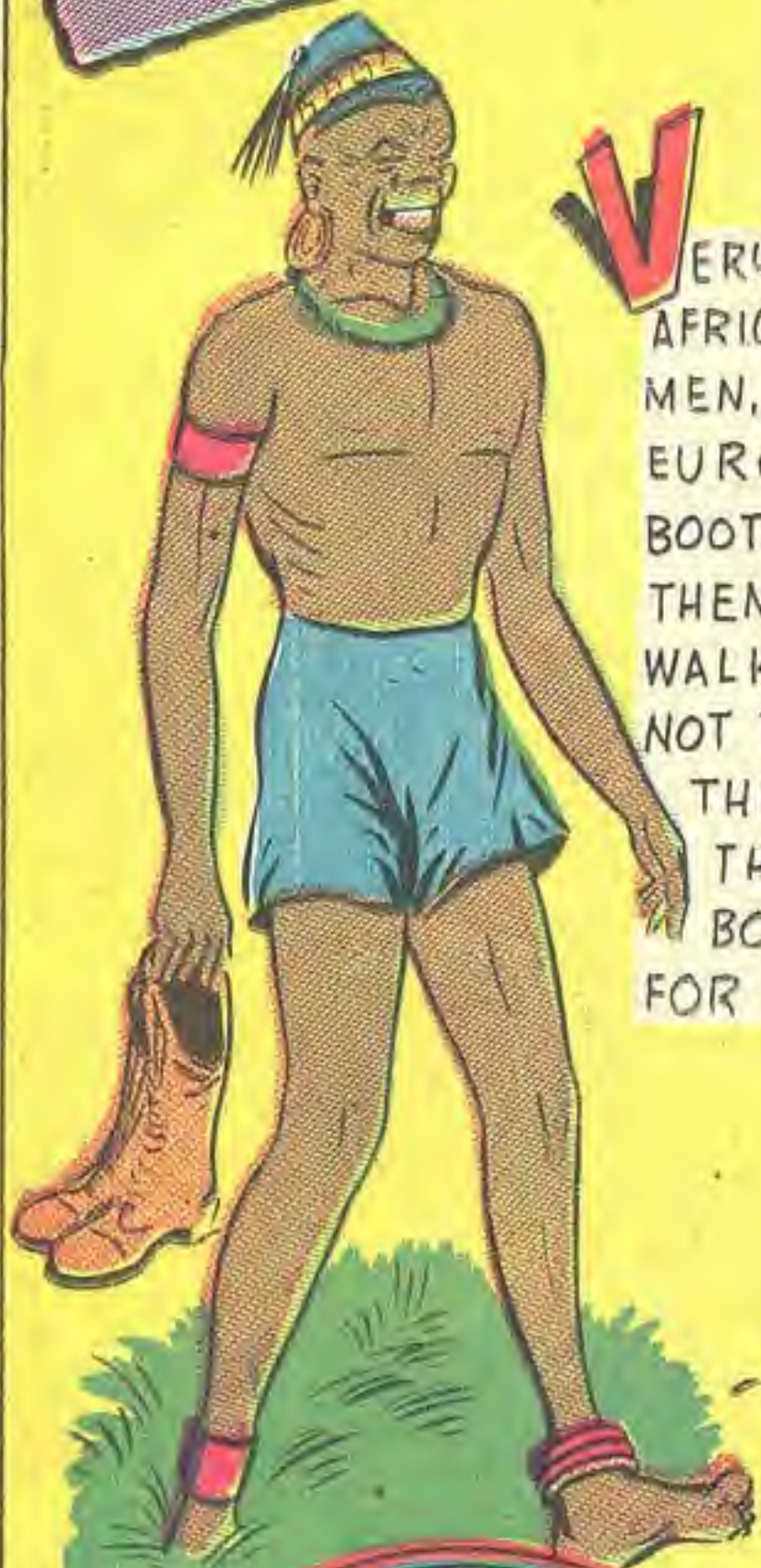


GRRRRR! THIS IS TOO MUCH! I'M GOING TO PLAY THE PHONO-GRAPH FROM NOW ON!



WATCH NEXT MONTH'S TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS FOR THE FIRST REEL OF SUZIE'S HOLLYWOOD SCREAM TESTS !!!

WORLD WONDERS



VERY OFTEN AFRICAN TRIBESMEN, WHEN GIVEN EUROPEAN BOOTS, CARRY THEM WHEN WALKING SO AS NOT TO WEAR THEM OUT. THEY CONSIDER BOOTS ONLY FOR SHOW!



A CERTAIN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER OF FARM EQUIPMENT, WHEN SHIPPING TOOLS TO THE PERUVIANS LIVING HIGH ABOVE THE ANDEAN TIMBER LINE, SHIPS THEM IN PINE BOXES. THE NATIVES USE THE BOXES FOR **COFFINS!**

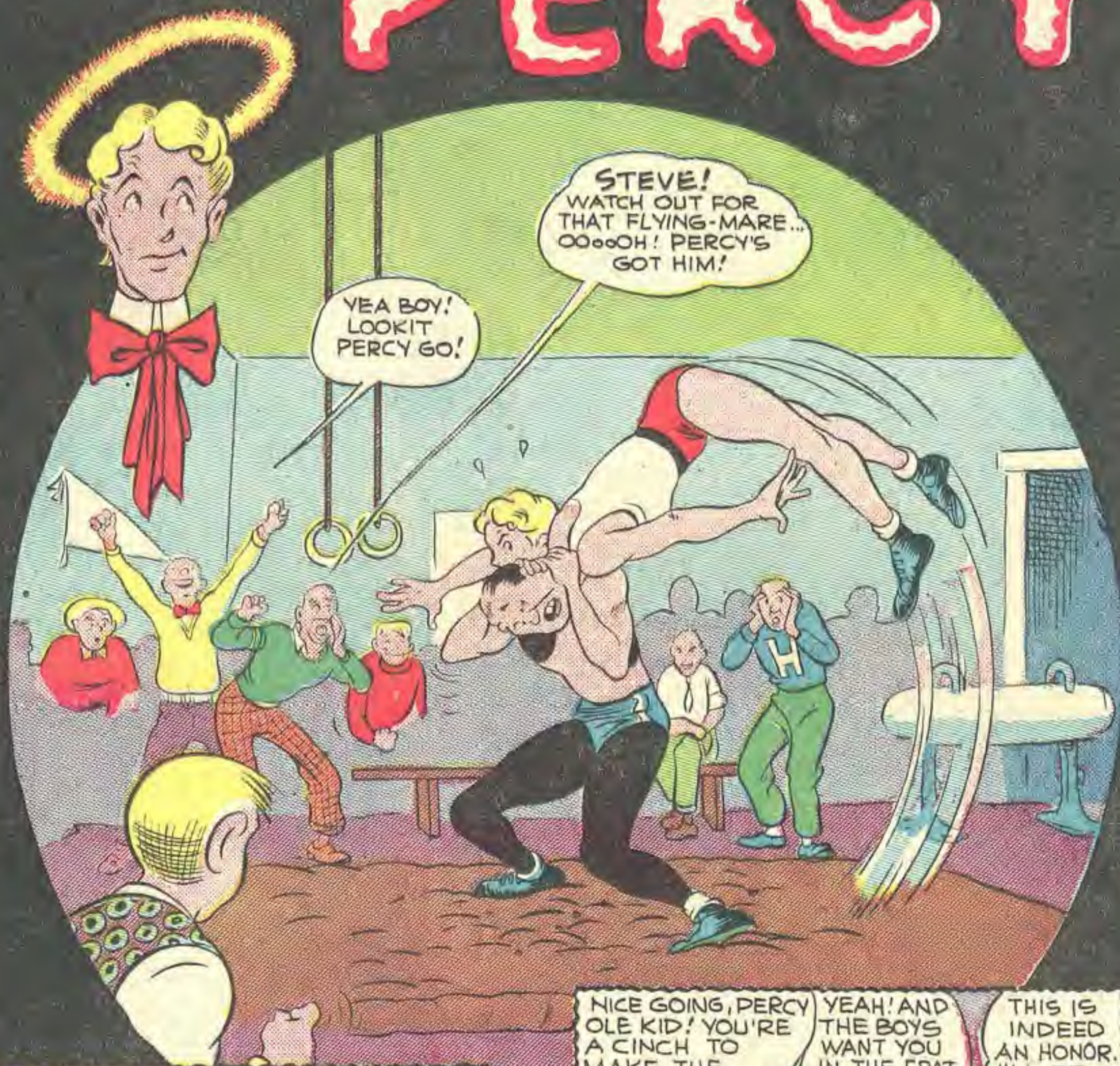


CAMELS WERE ONCE NATIVE TO AMERICA.



IN THE BALL GAME PLAYED BY THE ANCIENT AZTECS, THE HARD RUBBER BALL COULD BE HIT ONLY WITH THE BODY... IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO PUT THE BALL THRU THE HOOP THAT A PLAYER WHO DID, WON THE GAME AND WAS ALLOWED ALL THE CLOTHES AND PROPERTY OF THE SPECTATORS.

PERCY



ABOUT THE ONLY THING IN HILLTOP THE PLUMMER S DON'T OWN IS THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE - AND MR. PLUMMER IS TRYING TO SWING A DEAL ON THAT.

BUT AS FAR AS PERCY PLUMMER, THE ONLY SON AND HEIR, IS CONCERNED, YOU CAN HAVE HIS SHARE OF THE FAMILY'S WEALTH. JUST LET HIM "BE ONE OF THE GANG"... THAT'S ALL HE ASKS FOR, AND DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING HE'S A SISSY. ONE OF THE WRESTLERS ON THE HILLTOP HIGH WRESTLING TEAM DID... AND LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM...

NICE GOING, PERCY OLE KID! YOU'RE A CINCH TO MAKE THE TEAM NOW!

YEAH! AND THE BOYS WANT YOU IN THE FRATERNITY!.... INVITATION'S FRIDAY NIGHT!

THIS IS INDEED AN HONOR. I'LL BE PROUD TO JOIN!



GEE, BUTCH, YOU'RE CAPTAIN OF THE WRESTLING TEAM! HOW COME YOU'RE GONNA LET PERCY JOIN UP?

NEVER MIND! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'! I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' FER A CHANCE TO GET THAT PANTY-WAIST-AND THIS GIVES IT TO ME!

MY WORD! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TELL THIS TO THE MATER AND PATER!

MATER! GUESS WHAT?

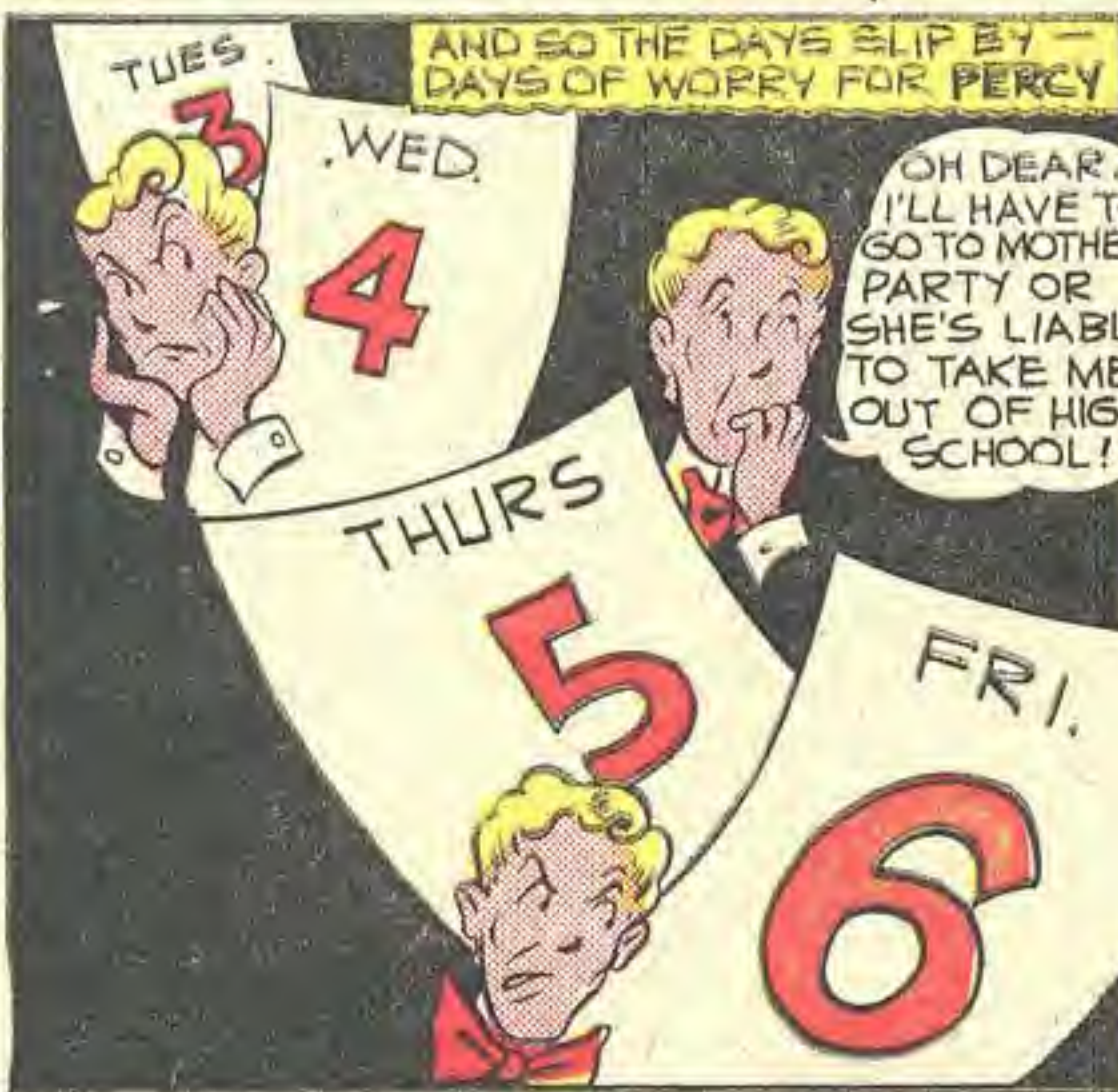
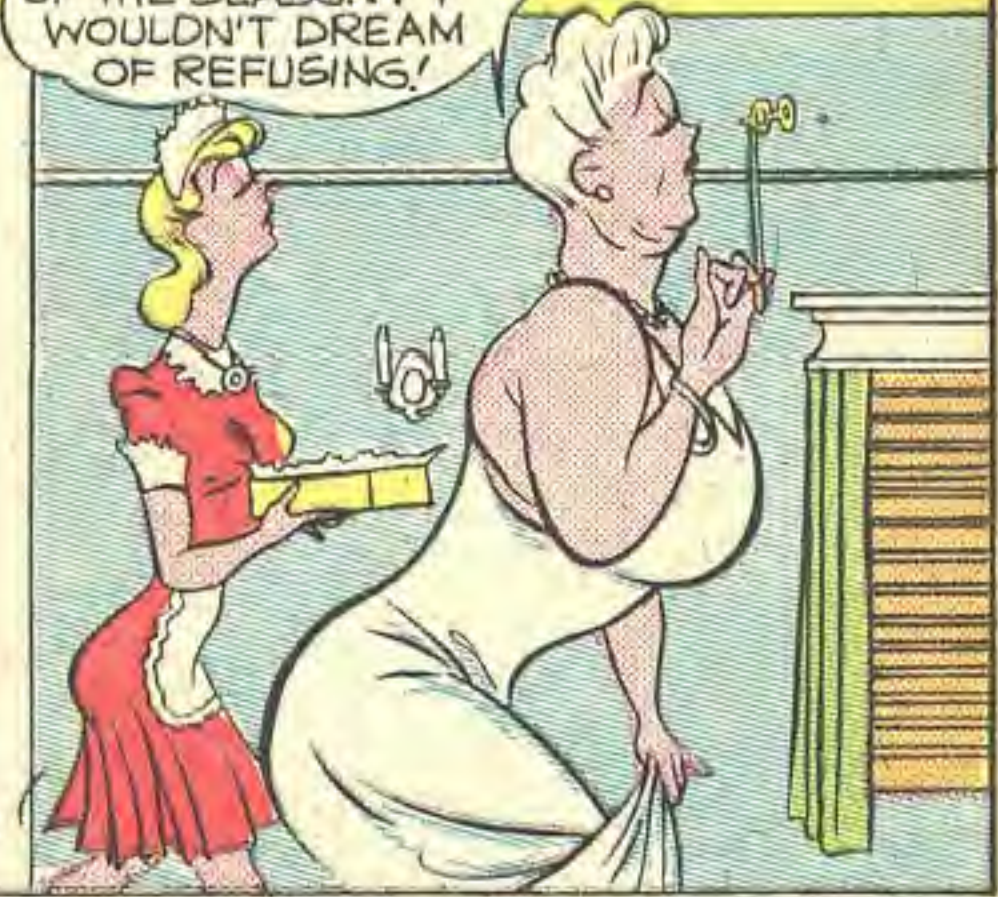
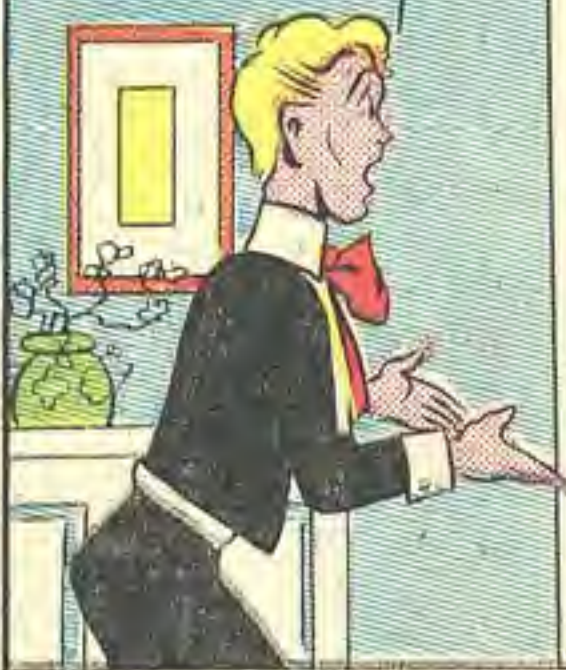
PERCIVAL, DEAH, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME INTO THE ROOM SHOUTING! IT'S SOOOO VULGAR!



PERCIVAL, DEAH! I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU! MISS DEBORAH CHUTNEY, THE SUB-DEB, IS HAVING HER COMING-OUT PARTY THIS FRIDAY NIGHT AND YOU ARE TO BE HER ESCORT!

FRIDAY NIGHT? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MATER! I'VE ALREADY ACCEPTED TO ATTEND A FRATERNITY INITIATION!

DON'T ARGUE, PERCIVAL! THIS IS THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF REFUSING!

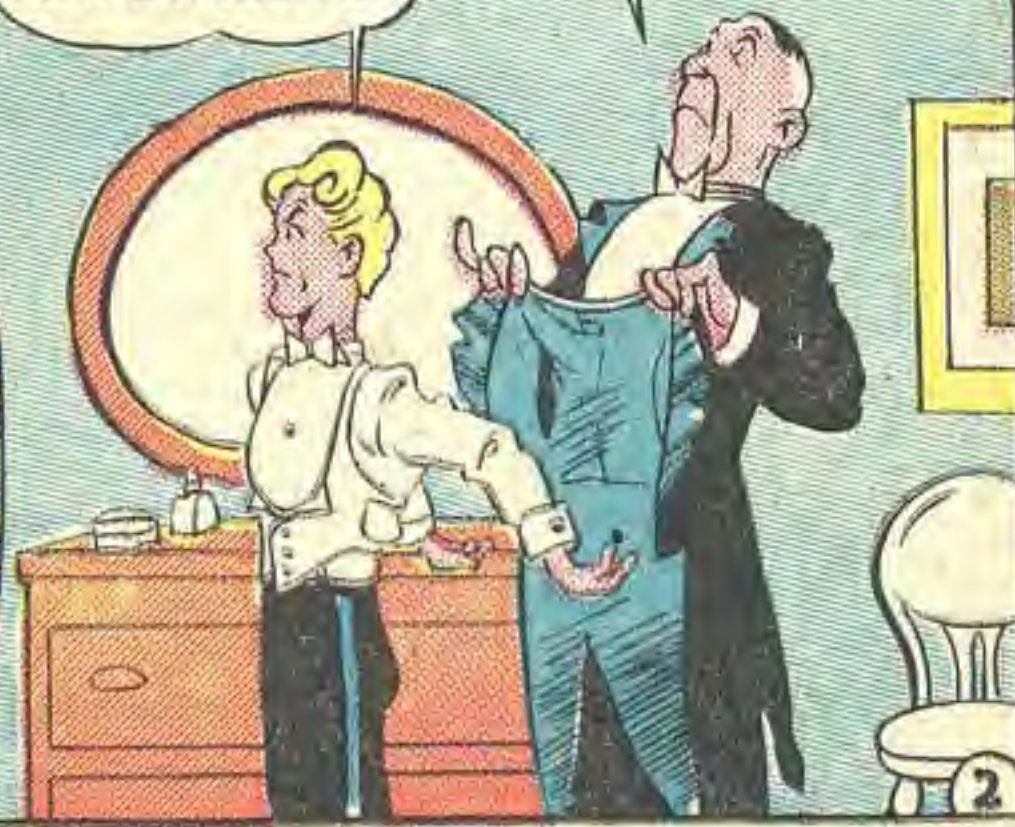


OH DEAR, I'LL HAVE TO GO TO MOTHERS PARTY OR SHE'S LIABLE TO TAKE ME OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL!

FRIDAY NIGHT

OH WELL, I'M IN FOR IT NOW... WHERE'S MY MOTHER, ROLAND?

THE MADAM WENT ON AHEAD, MASTER PERCIVAL! SHE SAID FOR YOU TO HURRY, SIR!





I'LL RUN OVER TO THE FRATERNITY HOUSE FIRST AND EXPLAIN TO THE GANG!



HELLO, POICY! YOU'RE EARLY!
HOLY COW! LOOK AT THE GET UP! THIS IS ONLY AN INITIATION, PERCY, NOT AN AMBASSADOR'S BALL!

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, FELLOWS! I CAN'T ATTEND TONIGHT! YOU SEE THE CHUTNEYS, THEY...



HA HA! HE'S YELLOW! I KNEW HE'D BACK OUT! THE PANSY!



SIR, THE PANSY IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE FLOWERS, BUT WHEN USED IN REFERENCE TO MYSELF, I REGRET IT!

AWW! NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?



THIS!

WHACK



HOLY SOCKS! BUTCH IS OUT COLDER THAN AN ICE-CUBE!

I'M SORRY TO HAVE HAD TO RESORT TO FISTICUFFS! OFFER MY APOLOGIES TO BUTCH WHEN HE WAKES UP!

AND SO, THE EVENING WEARS ON UNTIL THE CHUTNEY PARTY IS IN FULL SWING...

PERCIVAL, YOU SEEM RATHER BORED! AREN'T YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME?

ER...AH...OF COURSE, MISS DEBORAH! UH, PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL, I ASSURE YOU!



MARGUERITE - YOU KNOW, MY DEAR - I FEEL RATHER GUILTY PULLING PERCY AWAY FROM HIS FRATERNITY PARTY! HE DID WANT TO GO RATHER BADLY!

NONSENSE, JASPER! HE'S HAVING A DELIGHTFUL TIME! JUST LOOK AT HIM DANCING WITH DEBORAH! DON'T THEY MAKE A PERFECTLY SPLENDID COUPLE?

A man with a mustache and a woman in a white dress are talking. The man is holding a small cup.

MEANWHILE...

WOW! HE'S OUT OF IT AT LAST! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D HAVE TO USE A FIRE HOSE!

WH...WHAT HIT ME? DID YA GET HIS LICENSE NUMBER?

A man in a blue shirt with a white 'H' is sitting on the ground, looking dazed. A man in a purple shirt is pouring water from a bucket over his head.

THE DIRTY !!!??*! HE HIT ME WHEN I WUZN'T LOOKIN'! BUT I'M GOIN' OVER TO THAT CHUTNEY SHINDIG AND GET EVEN WITH HIM!

A close-up of a man's face with a red mohawk, looking angry and shouting.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MASTER PERCIVAL! THERE ARE SOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO SEE YOU IN THE GARDEN!

HMM...MUST BE THE CHAPS FROM MY FRATERNITY!

A man in a tuxedo is talking to a woman in a white dress. They are standing in a room with a large archway.

WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, MISS DEBORAH!

I'D RATHER LIKE TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS IF I MIGHT, PERCIVAL?

A man in a tuxedo is talking to a woman in a white dress. They are standing in a room with a large archway.

HE SHOULD BE OUT ANY SECOND, FELLERS! PLASTER HIM GOOD WITH THIS MUD!

A man in a blue shirt is painting a wall with a brush. A woman in a white dress is standing next to him.

AFTER YOU, MISS DEBORAH!

THANK YOU!

A man in a tuxedo is talking to a woman in a white dress. They are standing in a room with a large archway.

GIVE IT TO HIM!

EEEEEEK

SLUP

A man in a blue shirt is being hit with a bucket of water. A woman in a white dress is standing next to him.

THAT WAS A MOST UNGENTLEMANLY PERFORMANCE! REMOVE YOUR COAT, BUTCH!

NOW YER COOKIN'! AN'TAKE YOUR SHIRT OFF TOO - BECAUSE WE'RE GONNA WRESTLE THIS TIME!

A man in a white shirt and a woman in a white dress are wrestling. A man in a blue shirt is standing next to them.



VERY WELL, MASTER BUTCH! AS YOU WISH!

BOY! I BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME TO PAY YOU BACK!



AND THIS IS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT, SUCKER!



EEE... THIS IS TERRIBLE! I MUST PUT A STOP TO THIS BLOODSHED!



OOO... I'M GOING TO FAINT!

AND YOU SAY THEY'RE BRAWLING IN THE GARDEN?

YES! IT'S AWFUL!



BY JOVE! WHAT A REVOLTING SPECTACLE!

GOOD LORD! IT'S PERCIVAL! STOP THEM, SOMEONE!



OH! HOW DISGUSTING! A COMMON BRAWL..... DO YOU THINK PERCIVAL WILL WIN, FATHER?

YOU BET YOUR SILK STOCKINGS HE'LL WIN, MAGGIE!... HARUMPH, I MEAN, I HOPE SO, MARGUERITE!



CLAUDIA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE WITH THE GUESTS?

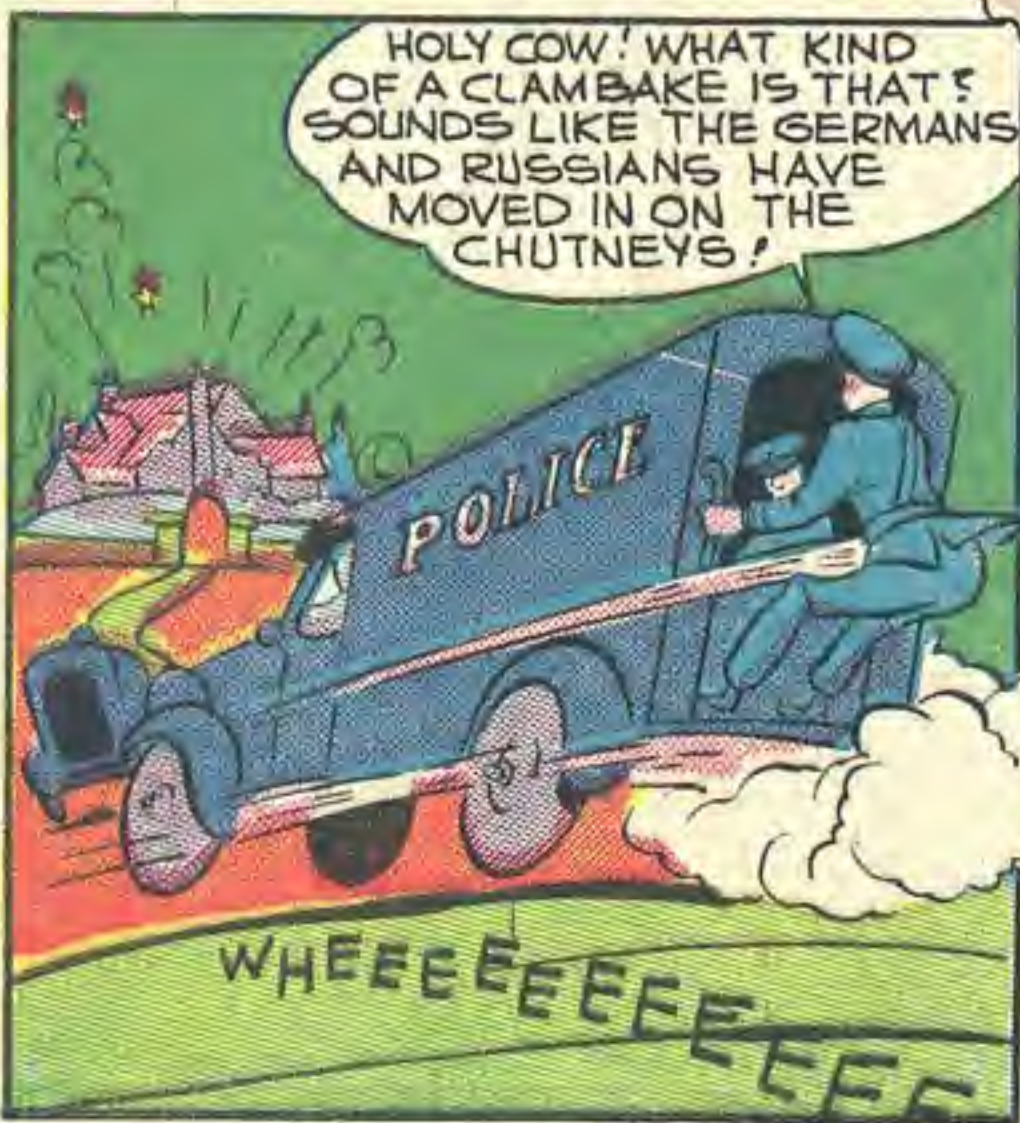
THAT'S MY SON IN THERE, MAM! COME ON, BUTCH! KNOCK HIS EARS OFF!



CLEVAH WORK, MY BOY! TOSS THE BLIGHTER! GIVE HIM THE HEAVE-HO!

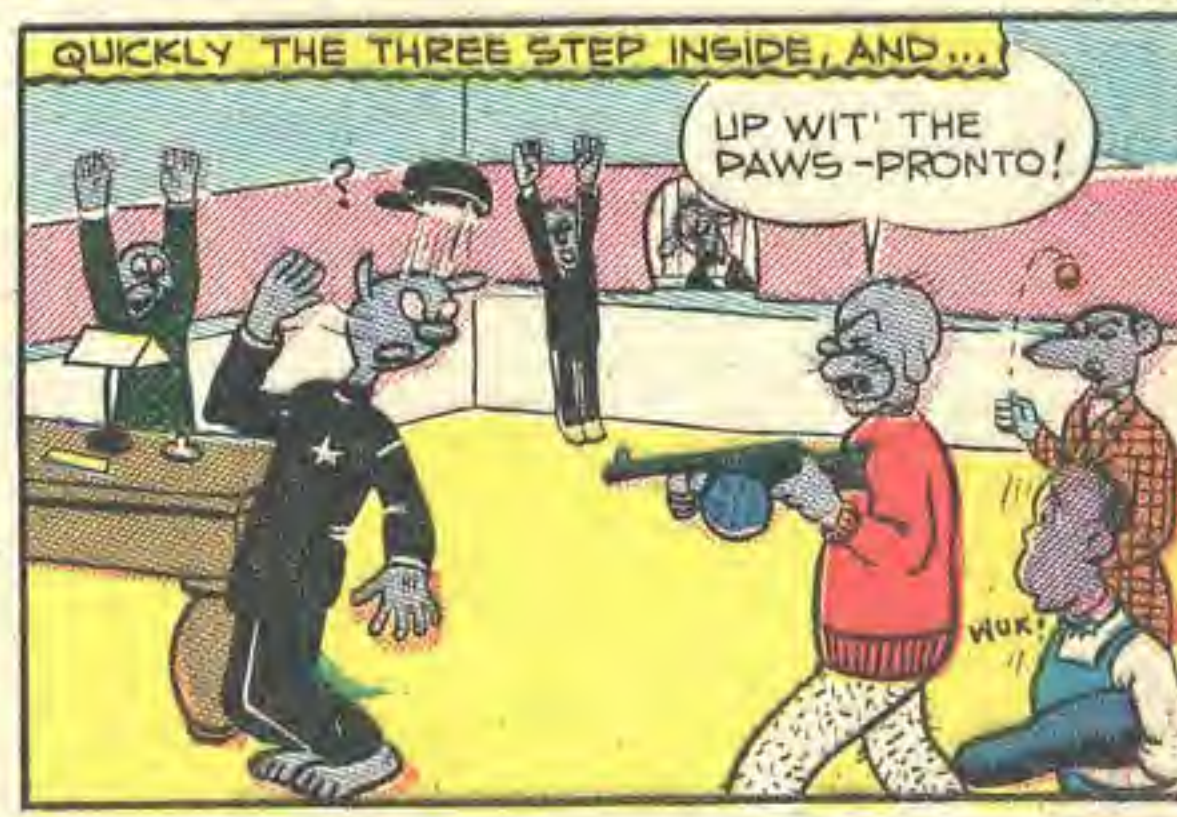
BUTCH, YA DUMMY! GET OUTTA THAT FULL-NELSON!

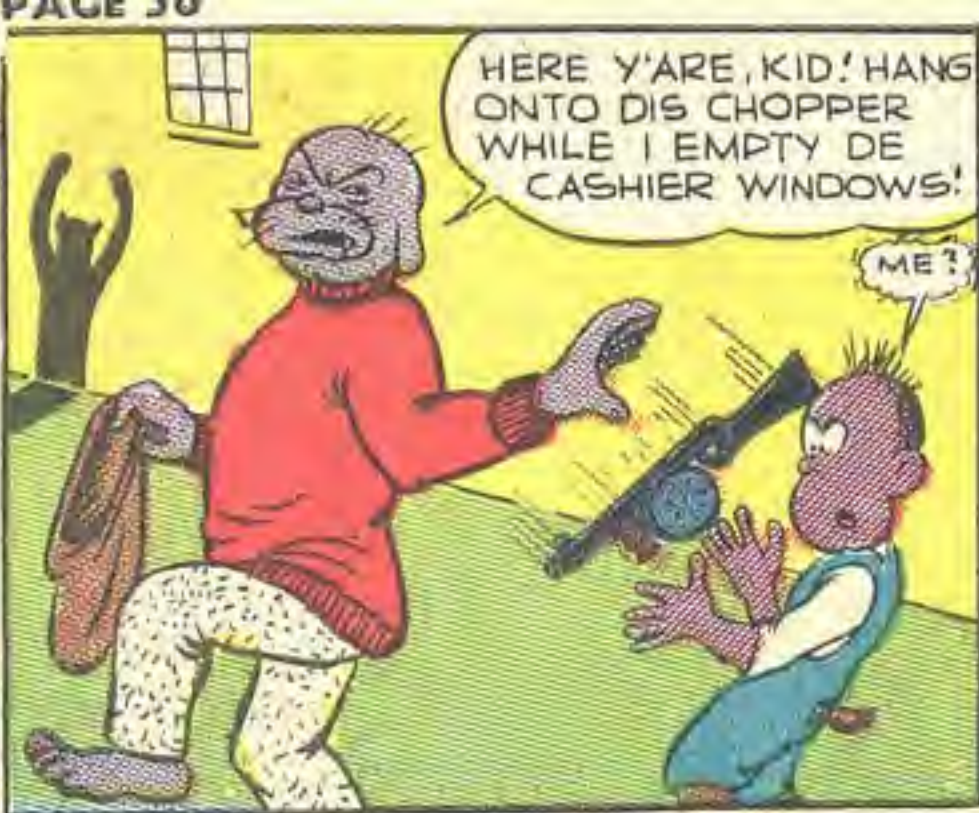
HOT DIGGITY! ATTA BOY, SON!



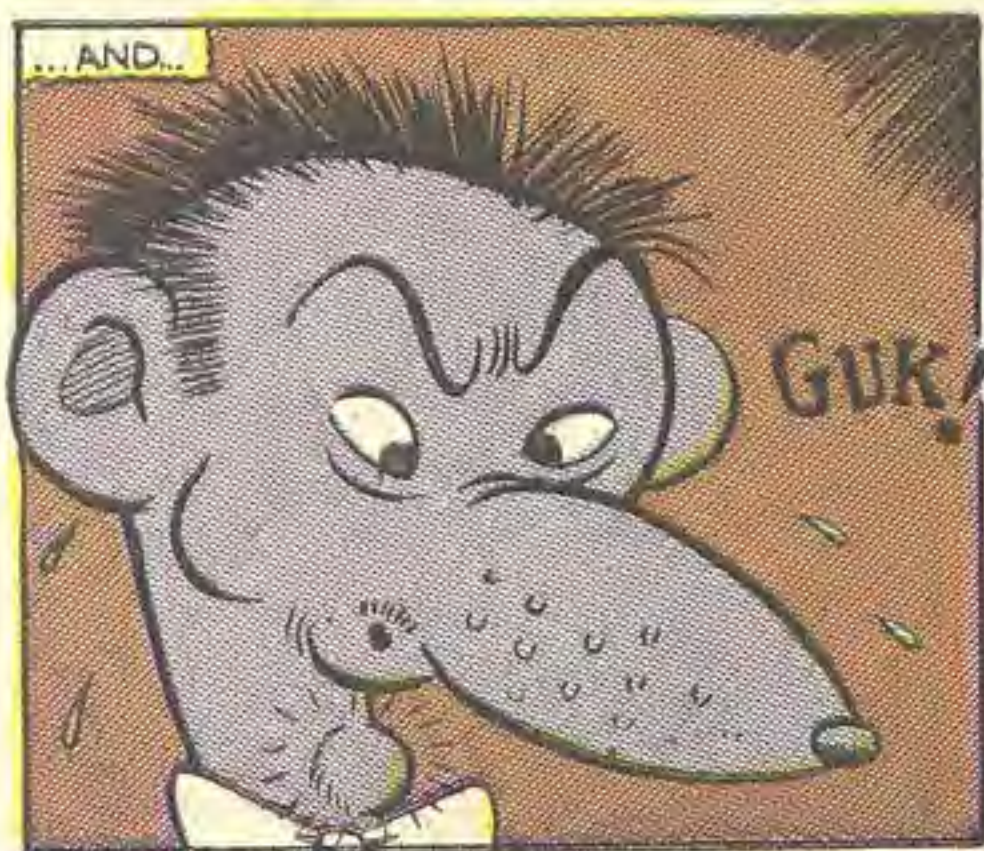
The 3 MONKEYTEERS

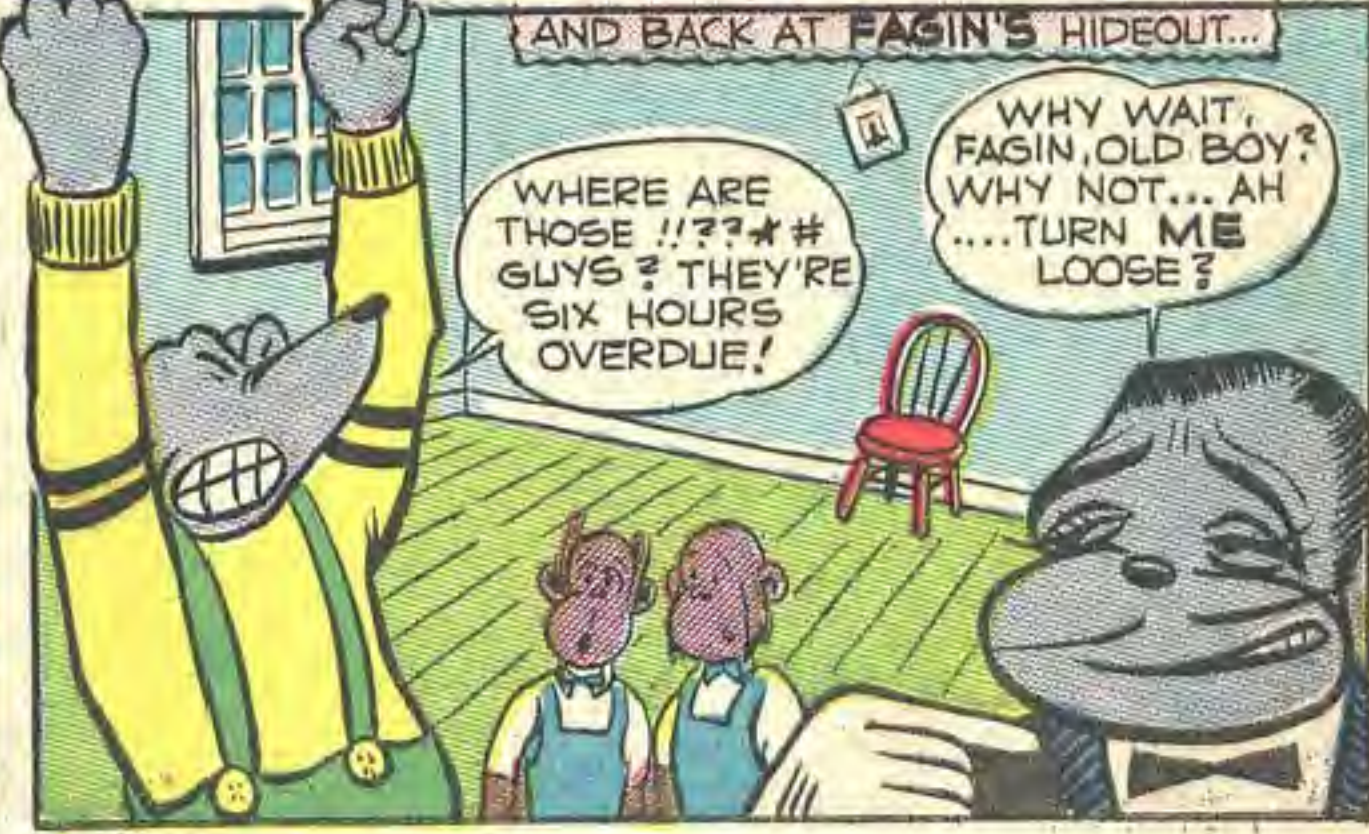
BY
ED GOGGIN
and
SCOTT FELDMAN





SUDDENLY...









FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, THE CAR SPEEDS IN EVERY DIRECTION...



AND THEN, SUDDENLY...



WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I-I GUESS THE EXHAUST IS B-BAD OR SOMETHIN'!



HOLY HANNAH! WE'RE RIGHT BACK AT THE MANSION!



I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE! I'D BETTER STEP SOFTLY-GENTLY-



GEE, I'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, TOO! I'LL SEE IF I CAN START THE CAR!

BOOM



THERE HE IS! THERE'S THE CROOK! GRAB HIM!



ROB ALL THOSE WOMEN, WILL YA! TAKE THIS! AND THIS! AND THIS, TOO!

AND THIS, TOO!

HALP! POLICE!



NEXT MORNING RAP-BEATER J. RODENT, FAMOUS CRIMINAL LAWYER, LEAVES THE JAIL HOUSE...

CURSE THOSE KIDS! I'VE GOTTA TELL FAGIN ABOUT THIS!



AND ALL THREE OF THEM ARE IN JAIL, BUT THE KIDS AREN'T! I TELL YOU....!!



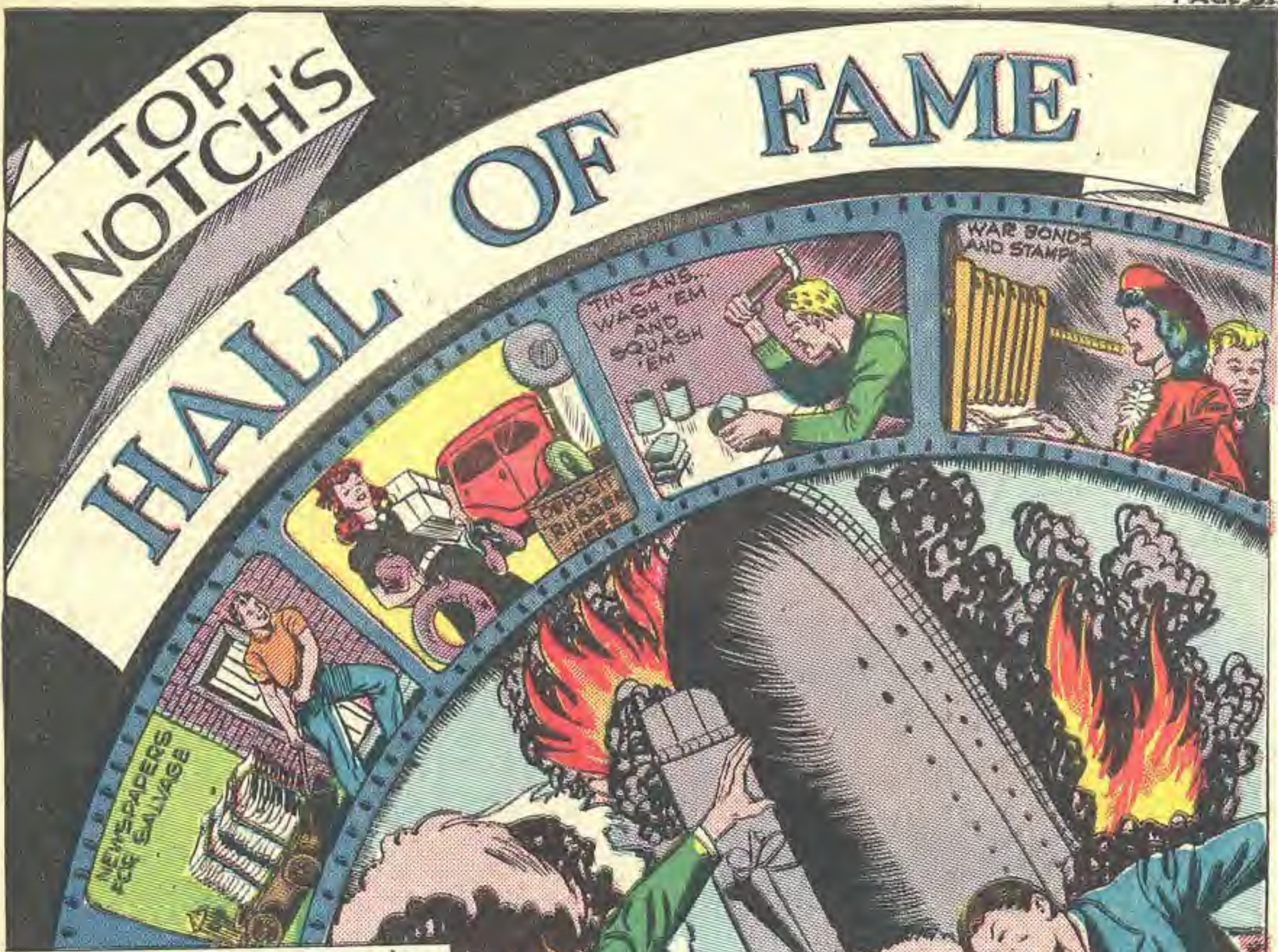
THIS IS THE END! THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!



I CAN'T GET YOUR BROTHERS, BUT I'LL TAKE IT OUT ON YOU! YOU LITTLE RUNT -I'M GONNA TEAR YOU TO PIECES AND THEN I'M GONNA TEAR THOSE PIECES TO PIECES!



FAGIN MEANS BUSINESS AND IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD FOR SMALL ERY! WHAT HAPPENS NOW? YOU'LL FIND OUT BY READING THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS



BOYS AND GIRLS ALL OVER AMERICA ARE DOING THEIR BIT TO BLITZ OUR ENEMIES! BUT TO FRANK SIMONS, FIRST BOY HERO OF THIS WAR, GO THE PALMS OF TOP-NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME! FRANK ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING ANY BOY OR GIRL WOULD BE PROUD TO HAVE DONE..... HE RISKED HIS VERY LIFE FOR FREEDOM!



MANCHESTER... CITY OF TEEMING THOUSANDS IN THE INDUSTRIAL CENTER OF ENGLAND — IS THE HOME OF...



PLEASE TELL ME, MOTHER!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT'S THIS
LETTER, FRANK! I
CAN'T READ IT
TO YOU!

...THE BRITISH ADMIRAL-
TY REGRETS TO INFORM
YOU OF THE SAD....
**GOOD LORD! FATHER'S
REPORTED MISSING!**

BUT BEFORE THE
GRIEVING FAMILY
CAN COLLECT THEIR
THOUGHTS...
**LOOK, MOTHER..
ENEMY
PLANES!**

DRONING THROUGH THE SKY
COME SQUADRONS OF HEINKEL
BOMBERS...

...AND IN A BRIEF
MOMENT TONS OF
TERROR ARE UN-
LEASHED UPON THE
UNSUSPECTING POP-
ULACE...

HOURS LATER, THE
UNDEFENDED CITY IS LEFT A
MOUND OF SMOULDERING
ASHES! A LONE FIGURE
SEARCHES THROUGH THE
RUBBLE...

I CAN'T FIND HER!
MOM'S DEAD AND FATHER'S
MISSING....WHAT CAN I DO?



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO - AND THAT'S TO FIGHT!!! I'LL AVENGE THEIR DEATHS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE DOCKS...



RIGHTO! ME PIPE-SMOKIN' MATEY AND MYSELF WILL BE ON BOARD IN THE MORNING!

FINE! WE NEED MEN.... NEXT!



HMM! AND HOW OLD ARE YOU, LAD?

TWENTY-ONE, SIR!



GIVE ME THAT HAT...WHY, YOU'RE ONLY A BOY! I CAN'T SIGN YOU ON FOR SEA-DUTY! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!

PLEASE, SIR! PLEASE TAKE ME ON AS A CABIN-BOY...ANYTHING... THE NAZIS GOT BOTH MY PARENTS....I MUST DO MY BIT, SIR, PLEASE!



HMM.... YOU'VE GOT THE SPIRIT ALL RIGHT!.. REPORT HERE IN THE MORNING!



AND THE NEXT DAY FRANK FINDS HIMSELF ABOARD A SHIP...DESTINATION - UNKNOWN... CARGO - SECRET WAR MATERIAL

HELLO, THERE. I'M FRANK SIMONS - WHO ARE YOU?



JUST CALL ME SID! I'M YOUR BUNKMATE!



DAYS PASS... AND ONE AFTERNOON, HIS DUTIES FOR THE DAY OVER... FRANK WANDERS UP TO THE HELM...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE ALWAYS ON DUTY, CAPTAIN?

SO LONG AS WE'RE IN THE DANGER ZONE, I'M AT THE WHEEL, FRANK!



DO YOU MIND IF I HELP YOU KEEP THE LOOKOUT, SIR?

NOT AT ALL! STOW YOUR BAGGAGE ON HERE!



BUT FRANK IS TIRED FROM THE DAY'S STRENUOUS LABOR, AND SOON...

Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z



TAKE OVER FOR ME, MATE, WHILE I TAKE FRANK BACK TO HIS BUNK!

AYE AYE, CAPTAIN!



THERE WE ARE, MY BOY! IT'LL BE A LONG WHILE BEFORE YOU CAN HOLD YOUR OWN WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A GRIM WARNING OF DOOM IS NOSING OUT OF THE MURKY WATERS. A NAZI SUB...



SECONDS LATER, FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS OF DEATH SPEEDS RELENTLESSLY ON...AND...



IN FRANK'S CABIN...

HEADS UP BELOW! WE'RE BEING HIT!



COME ON, GID! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME BEFORE SHE GOES DOWN!

GREAT GUNS - WE'RE
SINKING LIKE A BAG
OF LEAD!

HURRY UP, FRANK,
AND CLIMB IN!
ONLY THREE
MORE BOATS
TO GO!

WAIT A
SEC...
S-A-Y
WHERE'S
SID?

FRANK TURNS AND
RUNS BACK INTO THE
SMOKE-FILLED QUARTERS
BELOW...

SID! SID!
WHERE ARE YOU?

SO THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN
KEEPING YOU! EASY, AND
I'LL HAVE THIS BUNK OFF
YOUR LEG IN A MINUTE!

GOOD, ONE BOAT
LEFT! I'LL HAVE TO PACK
SID INTO IT! G-GOSH
HE'S HEAVY...GIVE ME
A HAND, MEN!

POOR KID!
HIS FOOT'S
BEEN
CRUSHED!

LOWER
AWAY!

THAT VERY MOMENT, THE GREAT
SHIP REARS INTO THE AIR, AND
CONVULSIVELY SINKS... DOWN...

JUMP, FRANK, JUMP!
WE'RE PULLING AWAY
FAST BEFORE SHE
SINKS!

HOPE I
DON'T GET
SUCKED UNDER
BY THE UNDER-
TOW!

AS THE MIGHTY SHIP CAREENS TO THE BOTTOM, FRANK IS SPUN MADLY INTO THE CHURNING WATER...



A LIFE-BOAT ROPE! JUST WHAT THE SHIP'S DOCTOR ORDERED!



HAND OVER HAND FRANK PULLS HIMSELF UP...



AND FINALLY...

I MADE IT!... AN OVER TURNED LIFE BOAT! I'LL HANG ON AS LONG AS SHE STAYS AFLOAT! GOT TO!



DAYS LATER...

SURVIVOR SIGHTED! STOP THE ENGINES!



AND THUS THE RESCUER IS RESCUED..

WHY, IT'S ONLY A BOY! HE MUST'VE BEEN FLOATING FOR DAYS!



FRANK SIMONS
.... HATS OFF TO YOU !!

WHEN YOU WERE PICKED UP, YOU SAID: "I WANT TO SIGN UP ON ANOTHER BOAT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO BEAT THOSE NAZIS."

THOSE ARE FIGHTING WORDS, FRANK! THE KIND OF WORDS THAT ANY BOY WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD TO SAY! TOP-NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME IS EQUALLY PROUD. WE SALUTE YOU- FRANK, THE FIRST BOY HERO OF THE MERCHANT MARINE!



FOR ANOTHER THRILLING TRUE STORY ABOUT A MODERN-DAY HERO SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS

FREE

WITH THIS OFFER

33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT



You can now own a genuine high powered telescope by making it in one evening of easy work. It is included **FREE** with this Special Offer of "Wonders of Science, Simplified." All the optical parts are completely finished

for a refracting telescope over 4 feet long. You can see the mountains and craters on the moon, the ringed planet Saturn, Jupiter and double stars, etc. See airplanes, ships and hundreds of other interesting sights. Makes objects miles away appear close. Complete lens kit contains 2" diameter ground and polished objective lens and 33 power eyepiece lens made in the good old U.S.A. with full directions for mounting. Read how you can get your 33 power telescope lens kit **FREE** with this offer.

WONDERS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE IN THRILLING STORY AND 1,000 PICTURES

You can now enter the wondrous world of tomorrow. You can now go on thrilling tours through the wonderland of Science. Here is the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope. Here are tours through talking picture studios and television studios. Here is aviation opening up the new world of speed and distance. And here, too, is the photo-electric cell, the

marvelous eagle eye that will make men of the future supermen. These and hundreds of others are all yours in the three exciting volumes of **WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED.**

3 GREAT VOLUMES BOUND TOGETHER CONTAIN 1,000 PICTURES AND 15 BOOKS

This fascinating work contains three thrilling volumes bound together. It is packed with a thousand pictures which simplify its contents. Think of it—dozens and dozens, hundreds and hundreds of scientific pictures. Pictures of all kinds on Mechanics, Astronomy, Physics, Biology, etc.—dynamic diagrams, panoramic illustrations, and action-photographs up to 100 square inches in size! These hundreds and hundreds of dazzling illustrations cram three gorgeous volumes—and each of the three volumes is almost a foot high, and when opened, over a foot wide!

YOUR FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE YOU

Through the simplicity of the text, the tremendous record of Science is brought lavishly before you. The mightiest marvels of mankind thrill you as you read their stories. Invention, Geography, Zoology, Engineering, etc.—they are so simple and easy to understand. No wonder every person who has read and mastered this exciting wonderbook becomes a "walking encyclopedia" and is looked up to by his friends as a "scientific wizard."

BIG FREE OFFER—SEND NO MONEY

These three great, profusely-illustrated volumes of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (bound together) formerly sold for \$5.00. But it is offered to you now for only \$1.98 plus postage. Act at once and we will include **FREE** with your order the 33 power long distance telescope lens kit described above. You take no risk because you must be 100% delighted or you may return for full refund within five days. **ACT NOW**—as this offer is limited to the supply of 33 power telescope lens kits available. This offer may never be yours again. So **RUSH COUPON AT ONCE.**

HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

3 Volumes Bound in 1

Volume I—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF NATURE

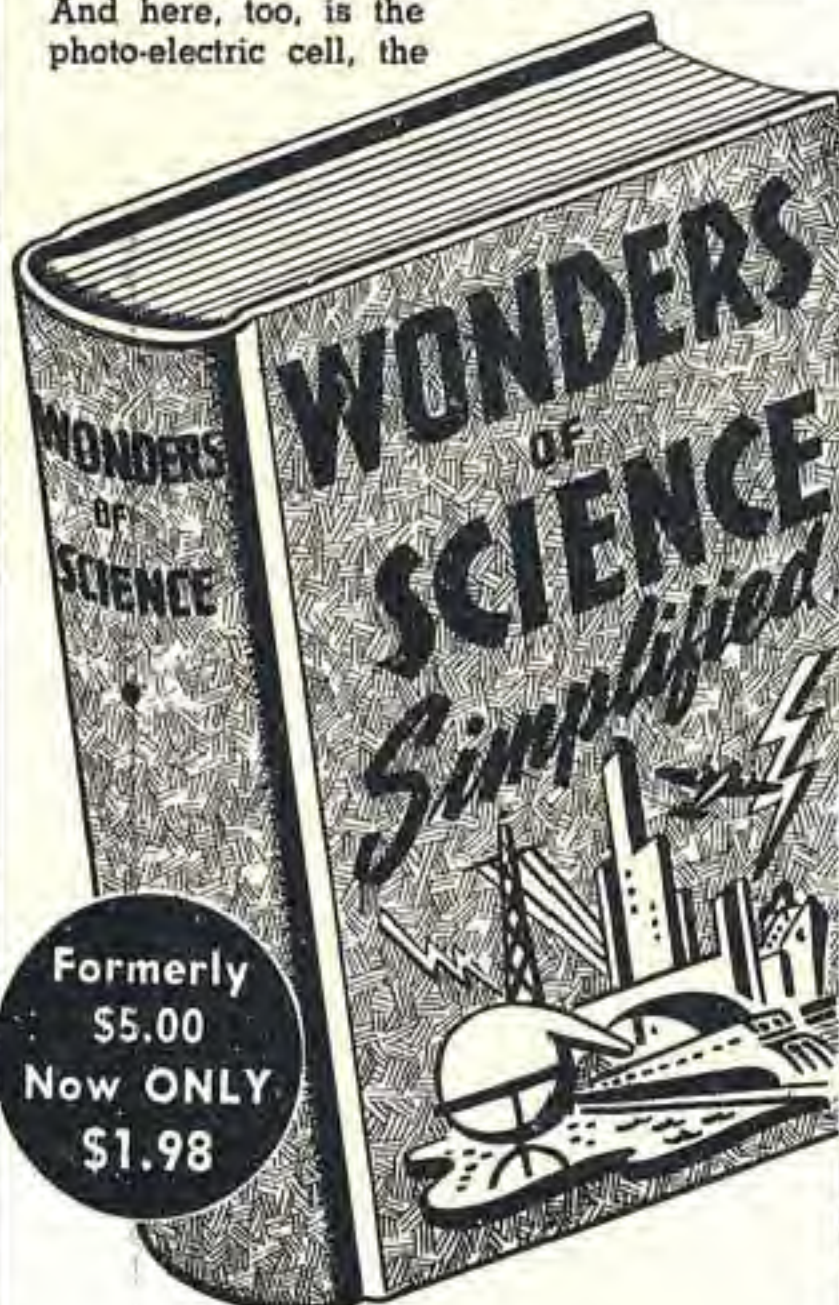
- BOOK 1. History & Mystery of Astronomy**
How Men Used to Think of Earth and Sky
How the Solar System Originated
The Enormous Size of Some Stars
- BOOK 2. Oddest Phenomena on Earth**
Spouting Fountains of Boiling Water
A Marvellous Mountain of Solid Salt
- BOOK 3. Watching the World Change**
How Continents and Oceans Were Formed
How We Know Ground Sinks and Rises
Strange Tale of a Buried Town
- BOOK 4. Secrets of Weather Simplified**
Storms on Sun and Storms on Earth
The Strange Antics of a Ball of Fire
- BOOK 5. Through Wonderland of Nature**
The Regions of Frost and Fire
The Inside of an Active Volcano

Volume II—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE

- BOOK 6. Pictorial Outline of Progress**
Nearly Two Centuries of Steamships
Queer Forerunners of the Motor-Car
Development of the Modern Locomotive
- BOOK 7. Amazing Adventures in Science**
The Mystery of the Burning Glass
The Marvel of the Electro-Magnet
The Wonder of the Infra-Red Rays
- BOOK 8. Seven Wonders of Modern World**
How a Telescope Brings Things Near
How a Microscope Makes Things Big
The Latest Method of Television
- BOOK 9. Manual of Simplified Experiments**
Science Experiments for Everybody
Experiments With Simple Chemicals
- BOOK 10. How Great Inventions Work**
Inside of a Great Modern Steamship
A Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off
How a Submarine Sinks and Rises

Volume III—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF LIFE

- BOOK 11. Creatures in Prehistoric Ages**
Life on Earth 30 Million Years Ago
Life on Earth 250,000 Years Ago
- BOOK 12. Marvels of Plant Life**
Plants That Catch and Eat Insects
Strange Freaks of Plant Growth
- BOOK 13. Strangest Fish in the Sea**
Some Nightmares of the Deep Sea
Queer Fishes That Crawl on Land
- BOOK 14. The Animal Wonder Book**
The Animal the World Nearly Lost
The Ugliest of All the Animals
- BOOK 15. Miraculous Machine-called Man**
The Wonderful Way the Brain Works
What Your Body Looks Like Inside



Formerly
\$5.00
Now ONLY
\$1.98

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 533
6 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send me a copy of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (three dazzling volumes bound together, over 1,000 illustrations) . . . also include my long-distance telescope lens kit with this order. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same guarantee).

Let me make you a **SUPERMAN!**

"Give me just 15 minutes a day—and I'll PROVE I can Work Wonders with

YOUR BODY" *Charles Atlas*

Holder of Title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

WHEN you stand before your mirror, stripped to the skin, what do you see? A body you can be really proud of? A build that others admire and talk about? OR—are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are your arms and legs like rails—when they should and CAN be driving pistons of power?

If you're honest enough with yourself to admit that physically you're only *half* a man *now*—then I want to prove I can make you a SUPERMAN in double-quick time!

Friend, I KNOW what it means to be on the "no-muscle" side of the fence. I was there myself at one time! Weighed exactly 97 pounds. A skinny, string-bean body that was so comical others laughed at me. But to me it was no joke. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim.

My Discovery

Here's PROOF Right Here!

"Feel like million dollars; have a 44" normal chest."

—L.A.S., Illinois

"My doctor thinks your course is fine. Have put 2" on my chest and 1/2" on my neck."

—B.L., Oregon

"My muscles are bulging. I feel like a new man. Chest measures 33", an increase of 5", my neck increased 2".

—G.M., Ohio

"1 1/2" gain on biceps and 1" more on chest!"

—J.F., Penna.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." In record time it built my body to such ideal proportions that when I faced all comers in open competition the judges awarded me the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" is the NATURAL method for building your body into the physical perfection every man wants. I've seen it work wonders for other men. I'll show you photographs of them so you can see for yourself!

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Muscles grow fast the "Dynamic Tension" way! You don't slave away at monotonous, tiresome, "squirrel-in-a-cage" motions that get nowhere. Instead, this method is actually fun! You *feel* yourself developing!

That's why I say—"Give me a chance to prove it and I'll OPEN YOUR EYES!" No two ways about it. Tell me where you want the muscles and I'll make it my job to put them there.

Right in that body of yours are all the makings of an Atlas Champion. I'll show you exactly how to get a handsome, husky pair of shoulders—a deep, he-man chest—arm and leg muscles hard as rocks yet limber as a whip—rippled guards of solid muscle across your stomach (the surest protection against rupture)—every inch of you all man, *he-man*, SUPERMAN!

Send for FREE Book

I don't ask a penny to tell you the story of "Dynamic Tension" and show you actual photographs of the amazing results it has given other men, young and old. And I don't know why it shouldn't do just as much for YOU!

So mail this coupon right now for full details. I'll send you at once—FREE—my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Packed with photos, it will tell you how to start putting "Dynamic Tension" to work for YOUR body. And remember, it's FREE. Get it now! Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 273-Z, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

This is an actual, natural photograph of the champion. His body "like a Greek god"—his poise and posture those of a man who fears no man. In perfect health from head to foot, the inspiration and help of thousands of men the world over.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 273-Z
115 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ Check here for booklet A if under 16